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## A WORD ON "THE GENTEEL CRITIC."

If of late years the critic has ever been weak enough to fancy that his homely slighted trade might be looking up a bit, that its processes might be a little less an object of suspicion and its product a little less an object of contempt, he has always been brought to his senses quickly enough. The ancient assumption that all critics are knaves or fools or both is, to be sure, no longer universally held. Some readers, some writers even, are now prepared to admit that Aristotle, however mistaken, had his excuse for being; that Matthew Arnold occasionally talked a kind of fussy sense; that Sainte-Beuve and Jules Lemaître (ah, let us never forget that tag about souls and masterpieces!) were probably honest and possibly useful men. So, among persons of liberal mind, a place in the sun is granted to the plumber, the dentist, the undertaker. The critic is a rarer bird: and, for one thing, more easily dispensed with. One or two in a generation quite satisfy the public demand. As for the rank and file, the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys of criticism,—to name them in the same breath with the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys of authorship is merely absurd! On the contrary (says tradition), these fellows are, in the very act of criticism, self-confessed failures and parasites, doing their paltry lines for their miserable pennies, shooting their idle squibs, stuffing their men of straw, wielding their ugly and thugly bludgeons for gross (if minute) rewards—and to no other purpose. Reviewers? Bless us! There is no such thing as criticism of the contemporary, anyhow. A fellow just talks!

These painful considerations have been brought home to me afresh by certain lively utterances of that genuine story-teller and honest hater of shams, Mr. Owen Wister. In his recent "Atlantic Monthly" paper on "Quack Novels and Democracy," he hangs, draws, and quarters the fiction of the populace, of "our American hordes, who have learned to read without profit to themselves but with such huge profit to quack-novelists and publishers." You observe he assumes a firmly critical stance at the outset. A plain blunt man with no

aesthetic theory might perhaps maintain that the profit our American hordes derive from their quack novels, and plays, and "movies," and boluses, and religions, is certainly existent, though not the kind of profit scored up by "highbrows." But of course no responsible critic could listen to him: he would be making nothing, or next to nothing, of the difference between true art and sham art; and this is exactly the point about which critics, Mr. Wister among them, have to be touchy. What Mr. Wister deplores is a muddled popular taste for which pretty much everybody but the populace itself is responsible. There is democracy, to begin with, which forces a little learning upon its hordes, and turns them loose with that dangerous instrument in their hands. And there are the novelists and publishers who deliberately play upon the weakness of these hordes.

Mr. Wister's awful example of quack fiction is the work of Mr. Harold Bell Wright. Not being among the five million readers of that author, I cannot judge the fairness of Mr. Wister's strictures, but am perfectly willing to take his word for it. I have read a dozen well-selling novels within a year as bad as, on the basis of Mr. Wister's amusing exhibits, Mr. Wright's appear to be. What particularly interests me is Mr. Wister's resentment of Mr. Wright, and the odd turn that resentment takes. It is a critical, an aesthetic resentment — turned, boomerang-fashion, against those who profess criticism. What he cannot bear is that so great a number of his fellow-citizens should be permitted to read the works of novelists like Mr. Harold Bell Wright *as literature*. The plain blunt man "knows what he likes." That is all very well; but he ought not to be encouraged to think that what he likes is really, on that account, worth liking. Mr. Wister's complaint is that somebody is responsible for Mr. Wright and his millions and their muddled condition of mind and taste. There is Mr. Wright himself to begin with: he probably knows the commodity offered is a sham; there is the publisher, who certainly knows it, but means to have the public think quite otherwise; there are the newspapers which act as his tools; finally, there is the "genteeel critic."

It is upon this last-named culprit that Mr. Wister unexpectedly and, as it were, inadvertently centres his fire. The truth is, as

readers of his prefaces may recall, he has a chronic scunner against reviewers; put one in his way, and he drops everything for the fun of having a crack at the rascal. What he honestly intends to be interested in here is the Wright-reading public. "It is the readers, not the novels, I am looking at," he declares. "My quotations are purely to help us get at the readers; and I leave criticism to our native critics who find Mr. Wright like Dickens and Shakespeare." So far this is comfortable enough reading for critics who are incapable of "finding" anything of the sort. Alas, they are the last persons whose comfort Mr. Wister has in mind; he is almost laughably in a hurry to make that clear. "Lest certain genteel critics who think they practice more discrimination than this, feel slighted, it may be well to explain here why they have so little influence. . . They do, tepidly, discriminate; they do, *after the fact*, perceive and praise merit. They all — the New York Times, the New York Sun, the Boston Evening Transcript, the New York Evening Post (very typical, this last one), with others of less note, stand ready ever to be the first to hail a *perfectly well established artist*."

Now this is specific; this puts us where we belong, and pins us quivering there. The italics are Mr. Wister's; and here is, as it were, the lethal shaft: "Until the subsidized press is broken to pieces, and the genteel critic gathers heart, not only to brand the bad but to report and celebrate the good, I doubt if there will exist any word too contemptuous for American criticism."

As for Mr. Wister's first clause, there is no room for disagreement: down with the venal puffery of a subsidized press! And down with the American publishers who strive to stultify the public taste by manipulation of "reading notices" and the like, as well as (this is the red rag to me personally) by their working assumption that one critic is as good as another — or rather that the best critic is the one who shuts his eyes and slavers the proffered bone. Whatever the publisher may think of genteel critics, one cannot doubt his private opinion of the press driveller. Yet it is the publisher who, poring over his press notices with jealous eye, chooses for advertising purposes the lurid and fulsome phrase — the comparison of Messrs. Wright and

Shakespeare, for example,—without a moment's consideration of its source. Here, genteel critics must admit, is evidence that their influence upon the general public may be sadly small. Mr. Wister at least takes them seriously enough to demand that they shall mean something or other. He plainly suggests that the bathos of our criticism is largely responsible for the bathos of our popular literature; and that if the critics were really worth their salt, they might be able to do something for our American hordes. Alas, the publishers are too clearly in the right of it: Mr. Wright's public has never heard of Mr. Howells, though it has heard of Mr. Hearst. Moreover, it thinks one fellow's opinion as good as another's: hence the efficacy for quotation of the soft-soapy lather stirred by some care-free underling on "The Spoon River Phenix." For the audience Mr. Wister is conning through his little window, the genteel critic does not exist.

The genteel critic is probably just as sorry for that as Mr. Wister can be, and yet may not quite see that he ought on that ground to be counted out as a hypocrite or a poltroon. He may well wonder where Mr. Wister gets the impression that the best of our criticism of new fiction—the best of our newspaper reviewing, let us say—is either cowardly or backward in praise. I should think the best of our reviewers almost painfully ready to welcome signs of promise in a new writer—to take chances, if need be, on the side of optimism. Not that it is part of the critic's business to "encourage" authors; nothing is more irritating to an honest reviewer than to be thanked for praise. But it is certainly the highest and pleasantest part of his business to find good work and to advertise its goodness. Why should he be timid or reluctant about it? As for the condition of things at present, it is hard to make out what Mr. Wister asks of us. He himself sadly pronounces that there are no new writers of high merit: "When an English novelist, who was lately in this country, asked four of us sitting at lunch, 'Who were the young ones?' we had to be silent." Doesn't the honest critic also have to be silent on that question? Or is he expected to produce writers of genius, as part of his job, like rabbits out of a hat?

Hardly less just, surely, is the obverse of this complaint; namely, that the best of our

reviewers are content to lie down in the shade of known merit. I find them often, in default of other opportunity, taking up the work of "perfectly established artists," not to the end of solemnly ratifying a popular verdict, but to the end of verifying it if possible and, if not, of showing why it is false; or of tracing the development or decadence of such an artist's work and registering its condition "to date"; or, it may be, of suggesting a right direction for future effort. The last-named possibility is, some one murmurs, fantastic,—rather like teaching one's grandmother to suck eggs. But there have been instances, even in America. Only the other day it happened that the fiction-critic of one of the publications on Mr. Wister's black-list of gentility was writing a little appreciation of a very popular story-teller, who happens to be on Mr. Wister's brief honor-roll of living American novelists who may be thought of without shame. The critic meant to make it a pretty careful study in small compass. He had a fairly clear impression of the kind of thing the novelist did and was capable of doing, and had read perhaps half his novels; but he wanted to confirm that impression, and therefore, as part of the day's work, read or reread a dozen volumes and found himself, in the process, surprisingly and entrallingly converted to an altogether different view. It appeared, on the evidence of his work as a whole, that the novelist had all along been of two minds. His taste admired and pursued, let us say, realism, but his genius could not be diverted from romance: it was clear that he was in danger of choosing the wrong road in the end. Well, the critic had that little jump of pleasure which comes even to the galled jade when he finds a bit of succulence by the wayside. He put down his conclusions about the famous novelist without misgiving, being tolerably sure of his grounds. "It was his duty, and he did," but with the expectation, if he thought of it, that his office would be taken as an ungracious if not impertinent one. Fancy a mere critic telling a successful Artist that he is wasting his time—squinting the wrong way! Yet this artist promptly wrote a long letter thanking his critic, not for having been agreeable, but for having hit upon the truth. "As to your conclusions," he said, "I believe you are just; and your article reached me at an important moment."

Sweet and consoling hour for the homely slighted one!—hour in which he once more assures himself, greatly daring (as the lady novelists say) that he may be not that figure of fun, the “genteel critic,” but a man doing a man’s work,—not altogether in vain.

As for the state of American fiction, of American art as a whole, doesn’t it need to be looked upon with faith and with cheerfulness? Must we (as Mr. Wister really appears to do) encourage ourselves to share that “certain condescension” with which the Mr. Edward Garnetts excusably (in view of their insularity) view us? Few questions have ever been determined by a monocular stare, or a contemptuous wave of the hand. We have our limitations, Heaven knows; but we are not altogether a peculiar paille in that respect. Certainly we shall not escape them by flying into a rage, or even by nagging each other. In the current number of the “Atlantic,” another novelist-critic goes, smilingly, far deeper into the matter than Mr. Wister (to whose outburst Mr. Nicholson alludes with good-humored depreciation) has done. For the weaknesses of our fiction he blames not the public or publisher or reviewer, or outsider of any sort, but the novelists themselves. “When our writers cease their futile experimenting,” he says, “and wake up to the possibilities of American material, we shall have fewer complaints of the impotence of the American novel.” Mr. Nicholson does not feel that we are altogether contemptible, in the meantime, and is sure that we are not to be helped by ill-humor or contempt. “The bright angels of letters,” he concludes, “never appear in answer to prayer; they come out of nowhere and knock at unwatched gates. But the wailing of jeremiads before the high altar is not calculated to soften the hearts of the gods who hand down genius from the skies.”

It is said.

H. W. BOYNTON.

#### THE LITERARY STAGNATION IN ENGLAND.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

If there be any truth—and, personally, I doubt it—in the theory that great wars produce great literature, I incline to think that the explanation must be that wars are so supremely boring that the spirit of man, on emerging from them, leaps and dances in the

sheer joy of escape. The tedium of the trenches has been recorded in the *Marseillaise de nos jours*:

“Nobody knows how bored we are,  
Bored we are, bored we are,  
Nobody knows how bored we are,  
And nobody seems to care.”

But the tedium at home still awaits its songster. In a physical way, of course, England is active enough. She is pouring out men and munitions; she means to win the war. But in the intellectual way she is completely stagnant. It is impossible to think consecutively about Life, Art, Beauty, Truth, or any other such capital-lettered affair, with this vast pall hanging over one. Even when the war is not actually in one’s mind, it is in the background. And if, with an effort, an artist throws off his torpor and tries to write about the war itself, he finds that he has nothing to say. If—I speak, for the moment, purely from a literary point of view—we could believe England’s war to be an unjust one, things would be more cheerful! The satirical genius at least would be busy: some of our writers during the South African War had the time of their lives. But fouling one’s own nest—the normal occupation of the satirist—cannot be thought of when we are all agreed about presenting a “united front” to the foe. The “romance of war” is badly blown upon, and there is nothing more dull than abusing distant foreigners. About a just war there is—in an age which has outgrown war although it has not discovered a substitute for it—nothing to be said at all that cannot be said perfectly in a leading article.

From the artistically creative point of view, therefore, the first twelve months of the war have been almost completely barren. All the better kind of writers who were in a position to join the forces have done so. Of the others, some have lapsed into complete silence; some have attempted to write fine literature about the war and failed abysmally; and others have, so to speak, gone into political journalism. Of these last, Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Hilaire Belloc have made the greatest successes. Mr. Bennett has been writing articles weekly in the London “Daily News” on all sorts of topical subjects, from Conscription to the Position of Trade Unions and from War Pensions to the Selection of Staff Officers; and he has been doing it with invariable and characteristic efficiency. As for Mr. Belloc, he had the good fortune to be about the only intelligent man in England who had taken an interest in warfare during times of peace. The result was that the war found him ready equipped with the tactical,

mechanical, and geographical jargon which his colleagues had to acquire in feverish haste after hostilities had begun. His pen was engaged early by an ancient but, at that time, not very flourishing weekly, "Land and Water"; he contributes an enormous bale of comment, freely sprinkled with engaging diagrams, to every issue; and his success has been such that wherever one goes one finds the name "Bellow" or "Beeloc" on the lips of fat old gentlemen who, a year ago, had never so much as heard of the author of "Emmanuel Burden," "The Path to Rome," and "Cautio-*nary Tales.*" Mr. Shaw, besides his "Common Sense," has written a certain number of war articles: but no new play from him appears likely. Mr. Chesterton, who, after his illness, is "fitter" than he has been for years, appears to be confining himself to the war; Mr. Wells is writing about the war everywhere; and such of the novelists as have recently published new books wrote them, in most cases, before M. Princip let off his revolver at Serajevo. The poets—Mr. Yeats, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Sturge Moore, Mr. de la Mare, Mr. W. H. Davies, and others—have almost all been completely or nearly silent. Several of them have had one "go" at a war poem, but the "go" was usually "no go." Mr. Bridges's

"England stands for Honour,  
God defend the Right,"

struck the typical note; and Mr. William Watson and Mr. Stephen Phillips, each of whom has been flooding the press with pompous metrical banalities, can do this sort of thing better than their superiors. The fragments of real literature produced by the war may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Mr. Hardy wrote a moving little poem about soldiers marching off and a critical doubter watching them; "A. E." has written several good poems about the criminality of war, which, one imagines, the "Times" only printed because it did not understand them; and Rupert Brooke, before he went to his death in the Dardanelles, produced a group of sonnets which, if they did not equal the best of his previous work, were nevertheless full of fine feeling, and admirable in their craftsmanship. But good poetry or prose *not* about the war has been still rarer since the war began. Scarcely any has been published; and, as far as one can gather from one's researches amongst one's own friends, none is being written. How, as I say, can one expect it, in an intellectual atmosphere blended of ennui, anxiety, and disgust? A few nights ago I was standing in a London street. High

over my head—not immediately over it, I am happy to say—was what the newspapers, with perfect accuracy but rather tiresome iteration, describe as a cigar-shaped object. Faintly luminous, and with a row of small lights underneath it, the Zeppelin moved slowly across the moonless sky. Guns were roaring; the little white stars of shell-bursts sprinkled the air; and from time to time there was the crash of a bomb which meant the end of somebody's home. It was not a very terrible or exciting spectacle. The curiosity of the population was a little heightened by the slight nip of danger, and it flocked to its doors in nightdresses and pyjamas, staring up quietly and, in the end, with a certain disappointment at this strange intruder which was providing so very inadequate a display of fireworks. On the practical mind, the event no doubt impressed more firmly than ever the need for "seeing the thing through." To the contemplative mind, the sight of this gas-bag, with its thirty men,—shivering, possibly, with fear,—dropping explosives upon a few harmless civilians in this immense city, was pitiful and a little comic. But whichever aspect of it struck the onlooker most, he certainly did not feel inclined to go home and compose a song about *Roses*, or an essay on the *March of the Seasons* or the *Heart of a Child*. We are not visited by Zeppelins daily, but the distraction is only a matter of degree. A few miles away across the Channel that long-drawn-out tragedy is going on. We can think of nothing else; and, if we could, we should feel sheepish about admitting it.

How long this paralysis of the imagination will continue one cannot say. It might be argued that if the war goes on much longer those who have to stay at home will begin to get, in a manner, acclimatized to it, and one by one pick up the thread of their old interests. But, under modern conditions, that scarcely seems possible. During the Napoleonic Wars, when communications were few and slow, and our comparatively small armies consisted of regular troops and foreign mercenaries, it was not difficult for an Englishman to retire, say, to the Lake District, study nature, and not hear about the war from one month's end to another. To-day every family has men in the trenches, every morning's paper may tell us that they were going through hell a few hours ago: we are continually seeing men off and continually shocked by the loss of friends. The lapse of time may possibly mean a little more freedom for the controversialist and the satirist. The self-imposed gags which almost all writers of those kinds have put into their own mouths

may become wearisome and be removed. But the man whose business it is to produce imaginative literature, and who, for that purpose, has to live, in a manner, detached from the every-day existence of his fellows, is going to be hobbled as long as the war lasts. At a time like this, the Human Being and the Englishman come first and the Man of Letters is nowhere. It may be that a few artists with an unusual strength of mind or an unusual frigidity of temperament will be able to produce something. But, generally speaking, one will be well advised in expecting very little really important or impressive or beautiful work until the guns have ceased to thunder and the Congress of —— has begun its labors.

J. C. SQUIRE.

*London, Sept. 25, 1915.*

#### CASUAL COMMENT.

READING BY THE CLOCK is a practice that commends itself to a certain order of minds. Those who regard method as all-important like to map out their day's doings on the clock-dial. A teacher of our acquaintance was fond of extolling the advantages of this mode of procedure, letting the stroke of the clock rather than one's unprompted inclination determine what to read or study, when to do it, and when to leave off. But to most hearty and healthy natures this is a quenching of the spirit, a fostering of pedantry, and a sure road to the dry-as-dust desolation of utter barrenness and disgust. Nevertheless worthy things have been achieved by men notoriously addicted to these methodical habits in their reading and, indeed, in all their occupations. Franklin and Jefferson come readily to mind as famous for their self-scrutiny and their love of self-imposed order and method, with little or no margin left for that glad spontaneity which is the very breath of existence to those who regard life rather as an art than as a science. A writer in "The Canadian Magazine" throws some interesting light on a somewhat celebrated Nova Scotian of the nineteenth century, Joseph Howe, "a leader in the fight for responsible government and an active participant in public affairs till after Confederation." He was founder of "The Nova Scotian" (newspaper) and published, at a heavy loss, "Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia." A man of no little achievement in the face of obstacles, he seems to have made that achievement possible, in part at least, by his strict economy of time and his adherence to a pre-established schedule. Rising at five o'clock in

the summer and at seven in the winter, Joseph Howe ordered his day by certain rules, of which the following is a specimen: "Studies — Read books from 5 to 8, or 7 to 9, science and history chiefly, then breakfast and walk, business and newspapers till 3, exercise and rumination till six, tea and chat till seven, write two hours, read till twelve." Another note for self-guidance was this: "Intellectual occupation — Review arithmetic, French, and grammar, read poetry more, speeches more, Scripture 2 hours on Sunday." Another passage, equally characteristic, runs as follows: "Company — avoid none that is not bad, be polite and cheerful to all. Try to learn something from and communicate something to everyone you meet, but make constant companions only of those from whom information can be gathered and the intellect strengthened." By publishing, with a commentary, these and other extracts from "The Howe Papers" in the above-mentioned magazine, Mr. Francis A. Carman has made his readers acquainted with a strong and attractive, albeit somewhat precise and pedantic, personality. . . .

THE AUTHOR'S THIRST FOR APPLAUSE, the insatiate craving for recognition, is probably the chief motive that prompts to literary expression, as indeed to all artistic utterance. To get the full enjoyment of a beautiful thought or noble conception, or even of a comical conceit or whimsical fancy, one must feel that the enjoyment is shared by at least one other person; and so the thirst for applause is not wholly an ignoble passion for self-aggrandizement. But those successful and widely-known writers who pay the penalty for their success and fame by being made the recipients of innumerable unsolicited confidences and manuscripts from would-be authors are often led to believe that the hope and expectation behind all these artless demonstrations can be little else than that they will elicit prompt and unqualified sympathy and approval. An interesting word in this connection occurs in Mr. A. C. Benson's chapter on authorship in his latest volume of essays (reviewed on another page). He says: "The social and gregarious instinct is really very dominant in all art; and all writers who have a public at all must become aware of this fact, by the number of manuscripts which are submitted to them by would-be authors, who ask for advice and criticism and introductions to publishers. It would be quite easy for me, if I complied fully with all such requests, to spend the greater part of my time in the labor of commenting on these manuscripts. . . .

I suppose that painters and sculptors do not suffer so much in this way, because it is not easy to send about canvasses or statues by parcels post. But nothing is easier than to slip a manuscript into an envelope and to require an opinion from an author. I will confess that I very seldom refuse these requests. At the moment at which I write I have three printed novels and a printed book of travel, a poem, and two volumes of essays in manuscript upon my table, and I shall make shift to say something in reply, though, except for the satisfaction of the authors in question, I believe that my pains will be thrown away, for the simple reason that it is a very lengthy business to teach anyone how to write, and also partly because what these authors desire is not criticism but sympathy and admiration." Astonishing and, to a considerate person, fairly inconceivable is the unrestraint with which these demands are made upon a busy author's time and strength.

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A NOTABLE CHAPTER IN AMERICAN LIBRARY HISTORY has to do with the founding and subsequent history of what finally became the free public library of Trenton, N. J. Dr. Thomas Cadwalader, one of Franklin's associates in establishing the Library Company of Philadelphia in 1731, was for seven years a resident and a part of that time mayor of Trenton. Before returning to Philadelphia to live, in 1750, he gave £500 for a public library for Trenton, of similar character to that in Philadelphia. In 1776 this library was almost destroyed by the British, but some of the books were saved and did service in subsequent collections for general use. The great-grandson of this early benefactor of Trenton, John Lambert Cadwalader, handsomely supplemented his ancestor's gift by supplying a much-needed addition to the present library building of the city. A report of the dedicatory exercises has been published by the library, and it contains a sketch of Mr. Cadwalader by Mr. Henry W. Taft, one of the speakers. Active as a trustee of the great New York library which he helped Dr. Billings to build up and put into running order, Mr. Cadwalader was naturally also interested in the library of his native Trenton—an interest that culminated recently in the manner indicated above. Readers of the Billings biography do not need to be told of his close and friendly relations with Dr. Billings, Dr. Weir Mitchell, who was his (Cadwalader's) brother-in-law, Colonel Higginson, Frank Millet, and innumerable other prominent men of his time. He had a genius for friendship, as well as a genius for unobtrusive

sive generosity and service. "He had great vivacity in conversation," says Mr. Taft, his law partner and intimate friend, "and his pointed comment and witty repartee constantly enlivened the circle of his friends." He was also devoted to the rod and gun, and "had difficulty in seeing how there was any salvation for a man whose soul was dead to the fascination of such sports." The prominence of the Cadwalader family in the Revolution, in the establishment of our national government, and in the public affairs of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, adds interest to the history of this worthy scion of the stock, whose useful life ended last year.

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THE UNWRITTEN AMERICAN NOVEL, the native masterpiece for which we and the rest of the world have long been waiting, need not remain unwritten for lack of subject matter. Our supply of the raw material for fiction is abundant and varied and of the best quality, as Mr. Meredith Nicholson reminds us in his current "Atlantic" article on "The Open Season for American Novelists." "The songs have not all been written, nor the tales told," he reassures his comrades of the pen, calling their attention to the neglected opportunities before them and urging upon them above all the courage to be natural, to refrain from Anglicizing or Gallicizing or Russianizing their work. He bemoans "the ill luck that has carried so many American fiction-writers to foreign shores," and adds: "If Hawthorne had never seen Italy, but had clung to Salem, I am disposed to think American literature would be the richer. If fate had not carried Mr. Howells to Venice, but had posted him on the Ohio during the mighty struggle of the '60's; and if Mr. James had been stationed at Chicago, close to the deep currents of national feeling, what a monumental library of vital fiction they might have given us! If Mrs. Wharton's splendid gifts had been consecrated to the service of Pittsburgh rather than New York and Paris, how much greater might be our debt to her!" Without confining our hopes for the future of American fiction to the possibilities represented by the turmoil and smoke of Pittsburgh and Cincinnati and Chicago—possibilities perhaps unduly emphasized by Mr. Nicholson—we may reasonably look forward to interesting if not remarkable developments in our imaginative literature as the swift seasons roll. In these days when our country is becoming the world's creditor in commerce and finance, it would be gratifying if we could at the same time open a credit account of a less mathematically calculable kind, and if spiritual

and intellectual values could more often find their best expression in a currency minted within our borders. . . .

A WINDMILL CONVERTED INTO A LIBRARY will not be discovered even by the most observant traveller more than once in a lifetime, if as often as that. A church thus transformed is no unheard-of thing, barns have been pressed into service for the shelter of books, and somewhere there is said to be a gas-tank remodelled and fitted up for library purposes; but where shall we find a public library in the form that aroused Don Quixote to one of his first exploits in knight-errantry? Mr. Edmund L. Pearson tells his readers, in the Boston "Transcript," that this strange sight greets the visitor to Wainscott, Long Island. He says further: "The mill was first erected in another town. A date carved on the floor indicates that it is at least a century old. There are a few similar mills in some other Long Island towns not far away. This one was moved to Wainscott a number of years ago, and used for its original purpose of grinding corn until recent days. The machinery, millstones, and some of the grain are still there. Some of the latter occasionally sifts down on the books from the floor above—a fact which amuses but does not bother the energetic librarian. She opens the library on several afternoons each week, and dispenses books to all who come." The collection of books, he adds, is smaller than that of the Boston Public Library, for instance, but the ventilation is better than in the nobly vaulted Bates Hall of that great library, and there is no superfluity of red tape in the rules and regulations. It is a wonderful story that he tells us; but seeing is believing, and so he publishes a photograph of this truly unique public library, with its four windmill sails still spread to the winds.

ABORTIVE EDUCATIONAL EFFORTS are witnessed at this time of year in all our colleges and universities. Young men and women by the thousand start, voluntarily or under pressure, and more or less hopefully, on an academic course leading to innumerable delightful possibilities in the way of honors and distinctions and ultimate fame and fortune in the great world beyond; but how many there are that drop out of the race even before it is well begun! Any college graduate will easily recall dim memories of perhaps a dozen or more classmates of that intensely vivid period of his adolescence, the first term of freshman year, who speedily and rather unaccountably faded from his view with the falling of the

autumn leaves or the coming of the Christmas holidays. This lamentable lack of staying power must have been in the minds of those who shape the curriculum at Brown University when they announced this year a new freshman course in "orientation." Instruction in the purpose and meaning of college study and college life will be given to all members of the entering class, and it may be that an earnest and sympathetic word at the outset will help to kindle the young collegian's zeal and stiffen his backbone so that he will be in less danger of educational shipwreck. President Faunce ventures the assertion that "nearly fifty per cent of the students who enter some American colleges drop out before graduation. About twenty-five per cent drop out from our best colleges (except in a few small, compact institutions, where the per cent is smaller)." He asks: "How shall we grapple with this waste and wreckage of hope and intention? Harvard says by freshmen dormitories, Princeton says by preceptors, Brown relies on small numbers in classes permitting much more personal contact than in the large universities; the freshman advisers; the new course in aims and values of the college course." But, after all, does not at least a partial explanation of the difficulty lie in the fact that so many sons of rich men are to-day *sent* to college, whereas in the past it was the poor boys who *went*? . . .

A HAMLETLESS "HAMLET" is so difficult to conceive that it has furnished the world with a universally familiar phrase applicable to all attempts to achieve a desired result without recourse to the chief factor contributory thereto. And yet there is a vague tradition that this "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet left out was once actually presented on the stage by a company of strolling players who, at a certain one-night stand somewhere, found themselves suddenly bereft, by illness, of the services of their leading performer. But the piece had been advertised for that night, and there seemed no way to save the situation except by acting the play with its title rôle omitted. The success of this arduous undertaking is left to the imagination. In a very readable contribution to the October "Yale Review" Professor Brander Matthews begins with a brief rehearsal of the foregoing legend, but is constrained to add: "Despite diligent endeavor, I have not been able to discover where or when this fabled performance was believed to have taken place. Still less successful have I been in my search for one of the spectators at this unique representation of Shakespeare's masterpiece."

Then he proceeds to name a number of successful plays that actually omit, by design, each its leading or at any rate a prominent character. That is, the character is presented in the third person only, never appearing on the stage. In this peculiar species of drama Professor Matthews places Mr. George Middleton's play, "Their Wife," Sardou's "La Famille Benoiton," and, in a modified sense, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Rosmersholm," and one or two other modern plays. The entire article ("Hamlet with Hamlet Left Out") is a curious study of a difficult device employed with subtlety and success by a few playwrights and wisely avoided by the great majority.

BOOK-BORROWERS' RESPONSIBILITIES are often taken very lightly. Hence the thousands of books borrowed and never returned. An individual lender cannot well proclaim and enforce a system of fines and other coercive measures to ensure the return of his precious volumes; but a library can and commonly does employ such a system. Its necessity is demonstrated in the statistical section of almost any library report. Let us take a few typical public libraries, large and small, and see to what extent delinquent borrowers have to be punished in the course of a year. The New York Public Library collected, in 1914, in fines on overdue books and in payments for lost books, \$36,129.79. The Boston library, in the same year, received \$6,502.44 in fines, and \$426.36 for lost books. Cleveland reports receipts of \$9,283.70 in fines. St. Louis shows \$2,682.64 as the annual amount of fines collected, and \$249.15 received for "books sold, lost and paid for." Brooklyn denies us any clear light on this question by lumping together "fines and sale of publications" at \$24,034.32. Grand Rapids collected \$1,139.70 in "book fines," and reports a total collection, in the forty-four years of its existence, of "nearly \$20,000." Galesburg's yearly fine receipts were \$358.93. At Lincoln (Nebraska) the "fines and penalties" amounted to \$1,052.45, and "books lost" (and paid for), \$55.57. Wilmington (Delaware) reports "library desk receipts" as \$836.53. Many libraries refuse to aid us in this research, either making no mention of the yearly fines or including them in "other receipts." But enough evidence has been adduced in the foregoing figures to prove the necessity, lamentable though it be, of imposing legal penalties on those who abuse their public-library privileges.

NOT THE LEAST OF LINCOLN'S MANY BIOGRAPHERS, and certainly not the last, was drowned near Foxboro, Mass., Sept. 29, while bathing in Beaumont Pond. Alonzo Rothschild will be best remembered as the author of "Lincoln, Master of Men," a study of that quality of authority over his associates and contemporaries which, however lost sight of amid his other conspicuous attributes, was undoubtedly possessed by this one of our national heroes in common with all who before or since have taken the lead in great causes or arduous enterprises. But it was Lincoln's way to gain his ends with no needless display of imperiousness, and that was a part of the secret of his success, however much he was misunderstood and under-estimated by many of his contemporaries. The essential with him was to get the thing done. Mr. Rothschild felt the appeal of this side of Lincoln's character, and was moved to enter upon the study that resulted in the above-named book. He was born in New York, in 1862, the son of poor parents, or parents so situated that he felt it his duty to cut short his schooling and become an office boy at four dollars a week in order to contribute his share toward the family purse. But he rapidly rose to higher things. Besides journalism and authorship he took an active part in the work of the Society for Ethical Culture. His attributes of mind and heart, as they show themselves in the retrospect, were of a sort to beget deep regret at his loss.

EMBROIDERED HISTORY presents to most eyes an appearance so much more attractive than plain history that the historian's temptation to supply the embroidery is all but irresistible. To spoil a good story in the telling, by sticking to literal fact, is something that most of us look upon with some contempt; to refuse to soar in the upper realms of romance is the mark of a grovelling spirit. Hence the popular acclaim given to such fascinating creations as Abbott's "History of Napoleon Bonaparte" and Froude's not too painfully accurate pictures of the past. This inexhaustible theme of historical inaccuracy has given us a library of more or less lively reading, a fresh addition to which will be found in Professor Hart's "American Historical Liars" in the current "Harper's Magazine." Captain John Smith and Parson Weems and the late Augustus C. Buell, with a number of others, are pitilessly pilloried by the Harvard historian for their refusal to remain content with the unadorned truth; and they and all their tribe are at the end dismissed in this

biting fashion: "Throughout this catalogue of gifted writers who transferred to history and biography talents that belong in the field of the serial novels, only one general comment may be applied: Whether they are forging documents, capturing the choice pages of previous writers, or simply letting their fancy play upon a historical problem, they are all subject to Joe Gargery's remark: 'Lies is lies. Howsoever they come, they didn't ought to come, and they come from the father of lies, and work round to the same.'"

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POETIC VISION AND GRIM REALITY are brought into startling contrast by certain recent occurrences not far from St. Paul's. To more than one student of current history there has doubtless come to mind in these days Mr. Alfred Noyes's beautiful piece of verse picturing a walk down Fleet Street when London glowed under a foggy sunset "like one huge cobwebbed flagon of old wine," and the soft sky

"Flowed through the roaring thoroughfares,  
transfused  
Their hard, sharp outlines, blurred the throngs  
of black  
On either pavement, blurred the rolling stream  
Of red and yellow buses, till the town  
Turned to a golden suburb of the clouds,  
And, round that mighty bubble of St. Paul's,  
Over the upturned faces of the street,  
An air-ship slowly sailed, with whirring fans,  
A voyager in the new-found realms of gold,  
A shadowy silken chrysalis whence should break  
What radiant wings in centuries to be."

From the "shadowy silken chrysalis" of actual fact, a few weeks ago, there certainly broke things radiant and astonishing, but also terrifying and death-dealing. The poet's vision was at fault only in stopping considerably short of the vivid reality, and in postponing its fulfilment to "centuries to be."

• • •

A CURIOUS SPECIMEN OF LEARNED HUMOR is brought to public notice by bibliographers interested in the matchless collection of Elzevirs and other rare books in the Warsaw University Library, to which recent events have directed the attention of book-lovers. The example of rather ponderous playfulness here referred to is in mediæval Latin, and is thus entitled: "Dissertationum Ludierarum et Amoenitatum Scriptores Varii." As this title indicates, the volume is made up of sundry facetious essays from various pens. Among these amusing trifles, the recreations of their erudite authors' leisure hours, are to be noted a disquisition in praise of the gout, by Baldus Pirkheimer; one by Girolamo Cardano on the same sprightly theme; one in praise of

mud, by Majorragio; one in praise of the goose, by the elder Scaliger; and other panegyries in like vein on the ant, the flea, the louse, the elephant, and the swan; also an anonymous piece on the death of a magpie, a "nuptial allocution," an essay on the art of swimming, one on "the reign of the fly," etc., all, including titles, in the language used universally by mediæval scholars. The compilation, which may perhaps have served as a sort of "Joe Miller's Jest Book" among the learned of its day, was originally published at Leyden about 1625; but the Warsaw copy is of the 1644 edition, which is considered the best.

#### COMMUNICATIONS.

##### THE COMING WORLD-LANGUAGE, AND SOME OTHER MATTERS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In view of your comment upon my remarks, in your issue of Sept. 16 (page 206), may I be permitted to explain what I meant when I said to the interviewer from "The New York Times" that we were being "brought nearer to a universal language, a sort of interlinguistic conglomerate" by the war? This was no more than that English was becoming the *lingua franca* for universal use. I based this belief that English is becoming more of a world-language than any other language upon statistics of usage—nothing else. The English language is now spoken by more than one hundred and fifty millions of people; German by more than one hundred and twenty millions; Russian by ninety millions; French by sixty millions; Spanish by fifty-five millions; Italian by forty millions; and Portuguese by forty millions.

Just how many persons have been using Esperanto during the twenty-eight years that have passed since its invention by Dr. Zamenhof in 1887, I do not know. But this I do know, that from an examination of approximately 20,000 words from the "New Standard Dictionary," English may be correctly described as an interlinguistic conglomerate, for the following are the sources from which the words examined were derived:

|  |       |
|--|-------|
| Anglo-Saxon and English.....               | 3,681 |
| Low German .....                           | 126   |
| Dutch .....                                | 207   |
| Scandinavian .....                         | 693   |
| German .....                               | 333   |
| Low German through French.....             | 54    |
| Dutch or Middle Dutch through French.....  | 45    |
| Scandinavian through French.....           | 63    |
| German (1) through French.....             | 85    |
| Middle High German (2) through French..... | 27    |
| Old High German (3) through French.....    | 154   |
| Teutonic (4) through French.....           | 225   |
| French (Romance languages).....            | 297   |
| Latin through French.....                  | 4,842 |
| Late Latin through French.....             | 829   |
| Italian through French.....                | 162   |

|   |        |
|---|--------|
| Celtic .....  | 170    |
| Latin (direct) .....  | 2,880  |
| Latin through Provengal .....   | 25     |
| Italian .....   | 99     |
| Spanish .....   | 108    |
| Portuguese .....  | 21     |
| Greek direct or through Latin, Late Latin,<br>French or other sources.....                            | 2,493  |
| Slavonic .....  | 31     |
| Lithuanian .....  | 1      |
| Asiatic: Aryan languages, including Per-<br>sian and Sanskrit.....                                    | 163    |
| European non-Aryan languages.....   | 20     |
| Semitic: Hebrew .....   | 99     |
| Arabie .....  | 272    |
| Asiatic: Non-Aryan, not Semitic, includ-<br>ing Malay, Chinese, Japanese, Tartar,<br>Australian ..... | 135    |
| African languages .....   | 32     |
| American .....  | 102    |
| Hybrid .....  | 675    |
| Unknown .....   | 12     |
| Total .....   | 19,161 |

No other language approaches to English in its aggressive appropriation of whatever terminology it needs to make it the most incisive means for expressing thought.

In the same issue of THE DIAL referred to above, your generous reviewer of my "Essentials of English Speech" takes me to task for saying that Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, "wrote the first sonnets ever written in English," and chides me for making "no mention of Wyatt, Surrey's senior by fourteen or fifteen years, and acknowledged by him to be his master in poetry, and commonly credited with having taken the lead in importing the sonnet into our literature." Will you permit me to say in reply that some things that have been "commonly credited" investigation and time have proved to have been *incorrectly* credited? As examples, I need only to cite the well-known Chatterton and Maepherson impositions. Samuel Johnson's exposure of the latter brought the famous lexicographer a challenge from Maepherson. Dr. Johnson is commonly credited with having purchased a stout oak cudgel and with having answered in a well-known letter that he would repel violence, and was not to be deterred from detecting what he thought to be a cheat from any fear of the menaces of a ruffian.

But to return to the English sonnet. On page 304 of his "Amenities of English Literature," published in 1841, Isaac D'Israeli says, "The Earl of Surrey composed the first sonnets in the English language." In the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," volume xxvi, eleventh edition, p. 139, I find "Surrey, indeed, expressly acknowledges Wyatt as his master in poetry. As their poems appeared in one volume, long after the death of both, their names will always be closely associated," but in the original form of this article, which appears in the ninth edition of the "Britannica" (vol. xxii, p. 731), the statement is "Seeing, however, that their poems were first published in the same volume, many years after the death of both, their names can never be dissociated and it must always

be hard to say which was the leader in the various new and beautiful forms of verse . . . introduced into English poetry." The copyright date of this edition of the "Britannica" is 1875. Dr. William F. Collier, in his "History of English Literature," new edition, dated 1894, wrote (p. 92): "Surrey is said to have written also the first English sonnets." In the "Dictionary of National Biography," edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee, and published in 1891, I find the following, under the title "Howard," in volume xxviii, p. 28: "Surrey, who although the disciple of Wyatt was at all points his master's superior, was the earliest Englishman to imitate with any success Italian poetry in English verse . . . Surrey's taste in the choice of his masters and his endeavours to adapt new metres to English poetry are his most interesting characteristics. The sonnet and the 'ottava rima' were first employed by him and Wyatt." This was written by Sir Sidney Lee.

And now as to the other peccadilloes charged against me, I may point out that, in English, the correctness of a form or of a construction is not impaired because nothing analogous to it exists in the language, any more than that the correctness of a word is to be challenged because there is no other in the language resembling it in sound or spelling. Your gentle reviewer does not like "equally as." Nor did Coleridge, yet Sir James Murray recognizes it, and cites Francis William Newman as authority for its use.

The expression "no less than thirty" is characterized as a "questionable construction," yet is one that dates from the Old English Chronicles (1121). It was used by Shakespeare ("Taming of the Shrew," act ii, sc. 1), by Steele ("Tatler," No. 46, p. 12), and by Macaulay in his Essay on Warren Hastings—"No less than twenty Articles of impeachment." Again, the reviewer writes "of the same book we read on the same page that 'the sanitation of cities is carefully preserved.'" Is not this the *reductio ad absurdum* of criticism? What I wrote is "Utopia . . . is an ideal commonwealth in which vice does not flourish . . . Agriculture is the chief industry and everybody works. The sanitation of cities is carefully preserved." The reference here is clearly to Utopia, *the commonwealth*, not to "Utopia," the book. If the use of the word "preserved" is what "jars," then let us consult the dictionary and learn that in such a connection the word means "maintained intact or unimpaired," and is correctly used. As for "applied into," this I cannot find; wherever it occurs the text perhaps should read "applied unto," and I shall be greatly obliged if you will favor me with the page on which it may be found.

FRANK H. VIZETELLY.

New York City, Sept. 30, 1915.

[Regarding the latter part of Dr. Vizetelly's communication, the truth seems to be that Surrey remodelled and refined the sonnet after Wyatt had introduced it; but to assert without qualification that he "wrote the first sonnets ever written in English" is to invite contradiction. Authorities might be

cited in great number, but it must here suffice to quote from Garnett and Gosse's "English Literature" the statement in regard to Wyatt that "the feature of his work which gives him his chief importance in the history of English poetical literature . . is his introduction of the sonnet into English poetry." "Equally as appropriate" offends by its manifest redundancy. "Less than thirty" has good authority, but "fewer than thirty" stands unchallenged, and the question remains whether it is wise, in trying to promote the cause of good English, to use a construction avoided by many careful writers. It may be, if it is felt that principle is involved. Of course the reviewer's comment on "sanitation" as being "carefully preserved" referred only to the choice of verb, which still seems not the happiest possible. It should be noted that the italics in the quotations from the review are not the reviewer's. "Applied into," unless the reviewer's notes are at fault, will be found on page 308, one-third of the way down.—THE REVIEWER.]

"BRYANT AND THE NEW POETRY."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

As I have been making a pilgrimage to the two Panama expositions, my attention has been called only recently to the communication from Mr. John L. Hervey in your issue of August 15, entitled "Bryant and the New Poetry." You and he will pardon me, therefore, if my answer seems somewhat tardy.

What did I say at that Whitman dinner, now four months in the past? Mr. Hervey admits that he "cannot recall more than the drift, the purport," of a part of it, and I cannot pretend to remember with complete exactness. I can state, however, that my subject was not "The New Poetry," but "The New Movement in Poetry," and that I did not ascribe this movement to America alone, since English poets have done their full share in it, or say that it "had originated in the sanctum of her [my] magazinelet, 'Poetry.'" I may have said that "Poetry" was the first magazine to give a large group of young poets a chance to be heard, or that, as the New York "Sun" said editorially in its issue of Sept. 12, "Poetry" rightfully stands at the head of the new movement." If I was so foolish as to make any "statement of doctrine," or put forth any "promulgation of law" on a subject so delicate, so fluid, so irreducible to any definition or theory, as the art of poetry, I shall be obliged to Mr. Hervey if he will add chapter and book to his offhand accusation.

Also he will perhaps show how I "asserted, at least by inference," that Whitman is "the patron saint of the movement." Whitman was a great revolutionist, and no doubt he is one of many cosmopolitan influences which have tended of late to broaden the boundaries of poetic art in the English language.

But Mr. Hervey resents most seriously "the drift, the purport" of certain ill-remembered remarks of mine about Bryant.

As I have made a definite charge against Bryant, and as neither Mr. Hervey nor I can pretend to remember exactly in what form I stated it at the Whitman dinner, perhaps you will permit me to refer to an editorial in "Poetry" for July, which does not lack precision. In that editorial I told of a publisher's statement that Bryant, toward the end of his long life, used to sell his name, along with his venerable portrait, as the author of books which he neither wrote nor edited, such as "Bryant's History of the United States" and "Bryant's Collection of Poetry and Song," to such an extent that he was known among New York publishers as "the great national tone-imparteur." The article then continues:

"This story always comes back to me when I make a détour from Fifth Avenue to see the beautiful rear façade of the New York Public Library. Here a throned figure of the venerable poet faces the park named in his honor, and offers us his life as a high inspiration to American youth. To whose memory was the statue erected—the poet of the *Thanatopsis* or the 'great national tone-imparteur'? If the former, are we not honoring too much the man who did his best work at nineteen!—and if the latter, are we not honoring too much the man who sold out?

"To have done one's best work in youth is proof that one has lived downward rather than upward. Long is the roll of artists who, beginning with more genius than character, shuffle off their glory like a rich garment and sink down in rags—or broadcloth—to a sordid feast. Indeed, so often does the world watch this spectacle that the early death of the inspired one seems the only sure consecration.

"There is only one code of honor for an artist—to be true to his vision. Bryant preferred to lead a comfortable life, and be a good journalist rather than a poet, and so he descended from the serene nobility of the *Thanatopsis*, to the puerile pieties of the *Hymns to the Sea*, *The Future Life*, *The Crowded Street* and many other truly orthodox utterances. Even *The Forest Hymn*, perhaps the best of these, says merely the proper and expected thing, offering bland counsels of moderation:

But let me often to these solitudes  
Retire, and in Thy presence reassume  
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,  
The passions, at Thy plainer footstep shrink  
And tremble, and are still.

"If the passions were indeed the enemies of this poet's 'feeble virtue,' they never got the upper hand. At least they do not appear in his poetry. It is said that Mr. Bryan pronounces *To a Waterfowl* the finest American poem—a preference which marks the limitation of his reading or taste; but this, which is no doubt Bryant's best lyric, is also marred by the ever-present and expedient moral. The famous 'Truth crushed to earth' quatrain from *The Battlefield* is the only bit of his poetry, after the *Thanatopsis*, in which his religiosity rises for a moment to higher ground and assumes something of prophetic dignity.

"Bryant was, in short, a man born to be a poet who sacrificed the muse, not to those violent enemies, the flesh and the devil, but to that more insidious one, the world—or, in other words, comfort and respectability. Now and then a brief flash of inspiration disturbed his placidity, but gradually the light went out, until, in his tone-imparting old age, he could not even see that he was sitting in darkness."

Probably even Mr. Hervey would admit that the greater part of Bryant's poetry was over-rated during and after his life, and that modern criticism can hardly be expected to take him and most of his contemporaries at their nineteenth-century face value. If Whitman admired him, it was part of the generosity of his nature that he admired almost everybody. If he lived to-day, no doubt he would praise Mr. Sandburg, and even say a good word for the magazine which had the honor of introducing him—and many others as well, both radical and conservative!

Whether any of our contemporaries, so introduced, "will live," it is quite beyond my power, or even Mr. Hervey's, to predict; for I have never presumed to "speak in behalf of Time," but have always proclaimed, early and late, over and over again, that contemporary criticism cannot be final. "Poetry" is an exhibition place for current poetry, corresponding to our Art Institute exhibitions of current painting and sculpture. It would be rank injustice to deny to our artists and poets such places to be seen and heard, and no doubt it is right that critics and the public should praise or damn this or that in any exhibition, and that professional juries should even award prizes. But Time, which really means the accumulated opinions of experts, selects the masterpieces.

In conclusion, permit me to take exception to Mr. Hervey's statement that "the verse printed in 'Poetry'" does not "convey a sense of the open air." If there is no open-air feeling in poems we have printed by Edith Wyatt, Ernest Rhys, Padraic Colum, James Stephens, Fannie Stearns Davis, Joyce Kilmer, Constance Skinner, John Gould Fletcher, and many others, I do not know where to find it in modern poetry.

HARRIET MONROE,  
Chicago, Oct. 2, 1915. Editor of "Poetry."

"THE FREELANDS" AND "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

With your permission, I should like to present the following paraphrase of a portion of your review of Mr. Galsworthy's "The Freelands" (see THE DIAL for Sept. 16, page 219) as representing what would undoubtedly have been your reviewer's method of dealing with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," had he been exercising his critical function when that book was published. Except for the substitution of Mrs. Stowe's name for Mr. Galsworthy's, and the feminine for the masculine pronoun, the only changes in phraseology which I have made in your review are indicated by the italicization of new words substituted for those used by your reviewer.

"The pathos of it all, the appeal to pity, the sufferings of *Uncle Tom*, the despair which fills his soul—these things are worked to their utmost in arousing our deepest sympathies for the victim. But what would Mrs. Stowe have? She urges that the conditions are intolerable which make such situations possible. In other words, it is the *slave* system which is to blame, the system which gives the *slave-holder* this power over the private lives of his *slaves*. We admit

that such interference is injudicious, and even to be condemned in principle; but, on the other hand, it is clearly a case of conscience with the *slave-holder*, to say nothing of legal rights. If such a thing as private ownership in *slaves* is admitted, the right of the owner to use *them* as he pleases is logically implied. So that Mrs. Stowe is in reality attacking the right of *slave-holding*, and if one believes in that right at all, one cannot be much stirred by this indirect assault upon it, which seems to us to be lacking in candor. We are in the heartiest sympathy with Mrs. Stowe in her detestation of people who seek to regulate the private affairs of other people, but the mischief that is done by such efforts is much more chargeable to *Northern newspapers, abolition societies, etc.*, than to the owners of *slaves* or other property. While the latter have at least a sound legal justification for their intolerance, the former have only their whims and petty prejudices; and the curtailments of liberty which *they would* impose excite our indignation far more deeply than do any restrictions imposed by the owners of *slaves* upon those whom they *purchase* to make productive use of *their land*. So it seems to us that Mrs. Stowe's lesson might have been made much more effective by the choice of a less dubious basis. Her real power is in her style rather than in her logical process, and, for our part, we attach less importance to all her special pleading and all the calculated ingenuity of her plot than we do to the single page in which, forgetting her thesis, she unfolds for us," etc., etc.

Of course it is not my purpose to indicate or imply any analogy between "The Freelands" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"—although it might not be very difficult to trace such an analogy in certain important respects. But I wish merely to emphasize the fixed and frozen nature of the "stand pat" psychology, and to illustrate how applicable is its stereotyped verbiage to any questionings, wherever and whenever advanced, of the doctrine that Property is more sacred than Human Life.

ALLEN MCSIMPSON.

Boston, Mass., October 5, 1915.

INDIANS IN THE CIVIL WAR.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your issue of September 16, I note that your reviewer of Miss Abel's "Slave-Holding Indians in the Civil War" states that our remembrance of Albert Pike's Indians having fought at Pea Ridge and of General Grant having had an Indian on his staff is very nearly the sum of our information regarding the Indian in the Civil War.

Pardon me, therefore, if I call your attention to the fact that a company of full-blooded Ottawa and Chippewa Indians from this section of Northern Michigan, known as "Company K, First Michigan Sharpshooters," were in the service from January 12, 1863, until the close of the Civil War, and fought gallantly in many engagements in that bloody conflict. In view of their heroic service to the government, even after losing their lands, I regret exceedingly that history has not been more liberal toward them.

I have just published a little book regarding the manners and legends of these people. On page 88 is a mention of the Indian company, and I possess its complete roster.

JOHN C. WRIGHT.

Harbor Springs, Mich., Oct. 5, 1915.

### The New Books.

#### THE ROMANTICISM OF FLAUBERT.\*

No historical period is so interesting as an age of transition. Renaissance or Revolution—there, in the conflict of opposing tendencies, the student finds his task and his reward. So, too, with literary types: no pure species, definite and definable, attracts like the transitional author, compelled by the accident of birth to serve a double ideal. Some writers reflect for us the spiritual struggles of an age.

Such a type is Gustave Flaubert. Born in 1821, at the very dawn of French Romanticism, he too is composing tragedies in the year that saw the three-memorable *première* of "Hernani." At nine, he is already both author and actor,—with his father's billiard-table for a stage! Five years later we find him sleeping with a poniard under his pillow, a schoolboy Faust, talking of suicide in his letters and reconciled to life only by a historical romance which he is writing. Pure boyish bravado this, of course, but one does not smile at the Romantic despair which fills his correspondence and his first subjective novel: they tell too plainly the story of a malady grown real. Yet this youthful Byron lived to found the school of Realism, to create at one stroke its model and its *chef d'œuvre*, "Madame Bovary."

The case is unique in literature. At first sight, one might wonder at the Romanticism of an author who only made his *début* in 1857, long after "Père Goriot" and Musset's derivative "Lettres de Dupuis et Cotonet." But we forget the twenty-year apprenticeship that went to the making of "Madame Bovary." By 1842, when he attained his majority, Flaubert had already written enough to fill two fat octavos: he had been writing for eight years, since his first school days at Rouen. Outside of Paris, the tide of literary theory has a slower ebb; so we may see why his *Juvenilia* reflect nearly every phase of French Romanticism.

Five years ago these "Oeuvres de Jeunesse" were at last published *in toto* by Cornard. With them, too, appeared the collected correspondence, and it became possible to study the development of Flaubert from original sources. Here were letters dating from his ninth year,—intimate letters filled with the enthusiasm of one who opened his heart

only to lovers of literature like himself. Hence the three scholarly monographs, from Johns Hopkins University, which invite us to consider the evolution and the literary methods of this "Beethoven of French prose."

The first of these studies takes up Flaubert's 'prentice novels from his seventeenth to his twenty-fourth years. Up to seventeen his *Juvenilia* are almost entirely Romantic: the first volume of the "Oeuvres de Jeunesse" is ample evidence of his admiration for the historical novel, the historical drama, the symbolism of "Faust" and the violently *macabre* note of Gautier's early verse. But with all this, it contains a personal novel, "Les Mémoires d'un Fou," inspired by Rousseau's "Confessions" and eloquent of the vital influence of René's pessimism even in the late thirties. And Mr. Coleman's monograph gives us the parallels, notes the echoes of Byron, "Werther," Montaigne, Gautier, and others. None the less, the novel did spring from a real experience: here, in ten pages, we have the story of Flaubert's first passion, a hopeless boy-love for the lady who inspired his only sympathetic heroine, Madame Arnoux.

"Les Mémoires d'un Fou" date probably from 1838. Some four years later, Flaubert wrote another story in the "Confession" form. Like its predecessor, "Novembre" begins with a fugue of lyrical self-analysis; but the René-note soon merges into a floridly realistic episode of carnal love *chez une fille*. Externally the work would resemble Musset's "Rolla," did not the courtesan wax reminiscent in turn, and prove herself like her lover a disappointed seeker after an ideal. All this, of course, is familiar to the Romantic formula, which may also be traced in the death of the hero after his disillusionment.

Space forbids dwelling on the literary influences, so carefully noted by Mr. Coleman. After Chateaubriand, it is "Mademoiselle de Maupin" which furnishes most of the parallel passages. The resemblance to "Rolla," remarked by M. Descharmes in his earlier study, is proved inconclusive: Marie is seen to be a composite portrait of Gautier's ambiguous heroine and Rosette, while Flaubert's hero finds an elder brother in d'Albert.

Both of these works are therefore typically Romantic. But in 1845 Flaubert completed another personal novel, begun two years before, the first version of the "Education Sentimentale." Now for the first time he studies the influence of love upon character: two friends, Romanticists both, pass through a "sentimental education" which shatters their illusions and turns them to objectivity. The history of Jules is not unlike that of Wilhelm

\* ELLIOTT MONOGRAPH. Edited by Edward C. Armstrong. Comprising: La Composition de Salammbo, par F. A. Blossem; Sources and Structure of Flaubert's Salammbo, by P. B. Fay and A. Coleman; Flaubert's Literary Development, by A. Coleman. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.

Meister; but as Jules is Flaubert himself, one need only note the general inspiration. Traces of specific influence, moreover, become rarer; at twenty-two Flaubert has found with experience larger powers of creation. Proof of this may be seen in the story of Jules's friend: for if we do find traces of Balzac and Musset, they are too slight to count. Flaubert is certainly working towards objectivity; his letters at the time show him turning back to the great classics; and his hero Jules, re-reading "René" and "Werther" and analyzing his admiration, finds in it "personal sympathy" and not "the disinterested contemplation of the true artist." Here, then, is the first statement of Flaubert's later creed.

The evolution of the Realist is begun. At twenty-three Flaubert is already reacting from Romanticism. Does he owe this to Honoré de Balzac? Mr. Coleman gives us many interesting parallels, but in the end ascribes the formulation of this new standpoint "to Flaubert himself, to his meditations, and perhaps to the lessons he drew from reading Shakespeare and La Bruyère." Thus he differs from M. Descharmes, who not having access to the unpublished "Education Sentimentale," sets the reaction later and makes it largely the result of Flaubert's first attack of epilepsy.

One would like to speak of the chapters which sum up the two sides of our author. But the monographs on "Salammbô" claim our attention, and we must sketch briefly the labors of the twelve years which intervene. For if Flaubert early foresaw and stated the Realistic theory, he could not subdue the lyrism that was in him. "Ce qui m'est naturel à moi, c'est le non-naturel pour les autres, l'extraordinaire, le fantastique, la hurlade métaphysique, mythologique." And it is this lyrism which, through the next four years, flames up in the first version of his great philosophic allegory, "La Tentation de Saint Antoine."

Things marvellous and mystical had always attracted him. When he first read "Faust," he told his niece, he "ceased to feel the earth beneath him." So at sixteen he wrote a long prose poem, "Rêve d'Enfer," and two years later a still longer mystery-play, "Smarth," with Satan recast in a prominent rôle. In these precursors, rather than in Breughel's painting seen at Genoa, we find the beginnings of the "Temptation." After two years of labor on a contemporary theme, Flaubert longed to escape from the Occident to the Orient, from the present to the exotic past.

Might he not, perhaps, write a French "Faust"? "Ahasvérus," to be sure, had proved a magnificent failure, Quinet's alle-

gory being coldly received even in the corrected version of 1843. Yet the example was sufficient; and Flaubert, who loved to repeat Michelet's motto, "Nothing tempting but the Impossible," began the masterpiece of dream-literature on which he was to labor through twenty years. In his hands, the well-known legend becomes a monstrous vision, all modes of life and thought pass before him, a saturnalia of philosophic systems, a mad processional whose only lesson is the vanity of all things beneath the sun. How he read this stupendous phantasy to his friends Bouilhet and Ducamp, and how they told the indignant author to throw it into the fire and take a theme like "Cousine Bette," is told by Ducamp in his "Souvenirs littéraires"; and by his testimony it was Bouilhet who, the next day, recalled to Flaubert the local incident which eight years later became "Madame Bovary."

So Gustave Flaubert turned Realist. Out of the obscure physician's wife he created a world-type. Emma Bovary is not merely realistic; she is more real than reality. She is not a woman, she is Woman; and her tragedy is the eternal tragedy of incapacity. All our modern life, with its blind democratic Titanism, is symbolized by that pathetic figure; she reflects her century, typifies an age which literature had spoiled for living. Like "Don Quixote" in the seventeenth century, she is a martyr to the Ideal, a victim of The Book, a martyr to all the poets who have added to the world's panoply of dreams. Too weak to fight Reality in that golden armor, she faints beneath the weight and fails, crushed down into the mire because the armor of her defence is not her own.

"Madame Bovary" is the indictment of life against universal education. It is the indictment of Art against the theory of democracy. That characteristic of Romanticism, seen in its hatred of the bourgeois, was so essentially a reaction of Flaubert's cult of "Art for Art" that it is the obverse of his life-philosophy. But this aspect of "Madame Bovary" is lost in the larger significance of the novel, the miracle of its creation. What giant's will forged for us this cold analysis of human illusion, so typical that it has given the name to a philosophy?\* A lyrist in a lyrical generation, foredoomed apparently to all the consequences of his Romantic heritage, Flaubert rose through pure will above himself, and carved his past sufferings into the masterpiece of modern realism. Like Cervantes, he struck the death-blow to a false

\* Jules de Gaultier: *Le Bovarysme*. Paris: Mercure de France.

ideal. But that ideal burned on like a banked fire in Gustave Flaubert, bursting out in the exoticism of "Salammbô," still smouldering beneath the self-satire of "L'Education Sentimentale" and the bitter parody of "Bouvard et Pécuchet." Thus Romanticism is directly or indirectly the basis of all his work; like Zola later, Flaubert had "drunk too deeply of the Romantic brew."

So after "Madame Bovary" came "Salammbô." "I am going to write a novel whose action takes place three centuries before Christ," he writes in a letter of 1856. "I feel the need of getting out of this modern world, in which my pen has dipped too long, and which, moreover, tires me as much to reproduce as it disgusts me to behold." So he turned back to the dreams of the past which had urged him on to the first prize in history at school. Then it was Hugo's Middle Ages or Stendhal's Renaissance that fired his ambition; now, with that vein worked dry by a myriad of imitators, Gautier, and after him Flaubert, reverted to more distant and more exotic times. Not history, but archaeology now pointed the way, and Gautier had been quick to follow with his splendidly plastic classical and Egyptian tales. Why not, then, a Carthaginian romance?

The task was certainly hard enough to be tempting—even to Flaubert. He had, to be sure, the story of the mercenary war contained in the last few chapters of the First Book of Polybius. This he could follow, as indeed he did, for the characters and incidents of his military drama; he had only to add the love-interest by creating the figure of Salammbô. So he follows Polybius rather closely, as one may see in Mr. Fay's monograph; a bit careless of chronology because he is writing his novel scene by scene; but using everything and only occasionally sharpening the outlines of his model by greater precision of numerical detail. Still Polybius gave him scarcely more than an outline: to make his story real, to clothe his skeleton with flesh and muscle, he literally digested a classical library. In two weeks, for instance, he "swallowed"—to use his own expression—the eighteen volumes of Cahen's translation of the Bible, with the notes, finding in them not a few precious details for costumes, musical instruments, architecture, and habits of life, which are brought together in Mr. Coleman's briefer study. But the mass of the material used is classical. Xenophon, Aelian, Pausanias, Pliny, Silius Italicus, Strabo, Theophrastus, Herodotus, Appian, Plutarch, and the dusty ant-hill of modern archaeology must be ransacked; one must be "stuffed with

his subject up to the ears" to paint the "local color" which comes without effort and makes a book "exude reality." And Mr. Blossom sets forth, from Flaubert's correspondence, the Herculean labors which preceded and accompanied the still more Herculean task of composition. The whole work was to take more than five years of constant toil, broken only by a trip to Africa required for further "documentation."

This indefatigable patience, this pursuit of a truth no less scientific than artistic, reveal the realist in Flaubert. How a poet's dream, *romantique s'il en fût jamais*, was built into a plastic evocation of antiquity—all the giant effort of materialization is shown in Mr. Blossom's pages. And if the finished "Salammbô" leaves us cold, the story of its composition reads like the work-filled letters of Balzac. Indeed, quite as strong a case might be made for Flaubert's Realism as for his innate Romanticism. Most critics have developed one side or the other. After all, in these days of subjective criticism, the danger of the transitional type is the danger of the crystal maze!

LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS.

#### ELBA, WATERLOO, ST. HELENA.\*

One consequence of "the Great War" seems certain, and that is a lessened interest in the figure of Napoleon and in his military achievements. The epoch of modern warfare in which he was the unapproached master is now closed. The scale of action, the masses of men, the material resources, the means of destruction, the methods of transportation—everything sharply differentiates the present art of fighting from that of even the Napoleonic past. Henceforward we shall study Napoleon as we study Hannibal, Cæsar, or Gustavus. The books by Captain Becke and Mr. Norwood Young, fresh as they are from the presses, represent our attitude fifteen months ago, when they were brought to completion, rather than that of to-day. This is not a disparagement; it merely records a fact, or perhaps an impression.

Books with such subjects—Elba, Waterloo, St. Helena—form a natural series. These volumes add solid contributions to the litera-

\* NAPOLEON IN EXILE AT ELBA. By Norwood Young. Illustrated in photogravure, etc. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.

NAPOLEON IN EXILE AT ST. HELENA (1815-1821). By Norwood Young. In two volumes, illustrated in color, etc. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.

NAPOLEON AND WATERLOO. The Emperor's Campaign with the Armée du Nord, 1815. By A. F. Becke, R.F.A. In two volumes, with photogravure portraits. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

ture of these phases of Napoleon's career. Mr. Young's three volumes seem to be the most satisfactory and complete account of the two exiles. Captain Becke's volumes on the Waterloo campaign will appeal especially to readers interested in the problems of strategy and the management of armies in battle. The first volume, which carries the campaign up to June 18, contains more conclusions open to controversy than the second, which deals with the battle of Waterloo and the operations of Grouchy on June 18 and the days following.

Captain Becke thinks that Napoleon "was no longer the Napoleon of Austerlitz; the sun still shone, but his power was waning visibly." One illustration of this loss of grasp was the manner of meeting the Prussian flank movement early on the afternoon of Waterloo. Captain Becke holds that it was a mistake to detach Count Lobau at that time to check Count Bülow's advance. He argues that had Napoleon succeeded in breaking Wellington's line, the Prussians would have remained spectators. As it was, the Bülow attack was not pressed for several hours after his corps was first sighted. Meanwhile Lobau was needed to support and complete D'Erlon's assault on Wellington's left. The gravest fault of Napoleon was, however, the day before, in the morning hours, when Wellington's army at Quatre Bras seemed to be at the mercy of the French had they brought into action troops not used the day before either at Quatre Bras or at Ligny.

On the whole, Captain Becke is inclined to lay the principal blame for final failure upon Ney and Grouchy. This is especially true of the operations about Quatre Bras. His argument that Ney should have been able to occupy Quatre Bras before noon on July 16 is not convincing. In the first place, Ney had no business to seize those cross-roads before he received specific orders, since a premature occupation of the British-Prussian line of inter-communication would probably, as Captain Becke argues, have led Blücher to fall back instead of fighting. The order to occupy Quatre Bras arrived at eleven. Secondly, it was materially impossible for Ney to get his wing of the army together before noon. According to the careful calculations of the late Mr. Ropes, D'Erlon could reach the neighborhood of Quatre Bras only about three o'clock in the afternoon. Moreover, Reille, who was in command of the second corps, did not set out from Gosselies until a quarter before twelve, contrary to his understanding with Ney. Captain Becke also fails to give Ney the benefit of the excuse that his orderlies had been collected hastily since his

arrival at headquarters the day before and were not competent to put him in touch with various sections of his army. A fair reading of Napoleon's orders to Ney and to Grouchy shows that the unlucky marshals were not alone in failing to apprehend the true state of affairs.

Captain Becke's discussion of Wellington's conduct is more judicial. He brings out the fact, hitherto not sufficiently emphasized, that Wellington would have been warned earlier of Napoleon's first moves had not the information sent to him on June 15 by Colonel Colquhoun Grant, his trusted intelligence officer, stationed far in advance of the British outposts, failed to reach him until the very morning of Waterloo. But Captain Becke points out that Wellington more than made up for his faults of strategy by splendid defensive fighting both at Quatre Bras and at Waterloo.

Mr. Norwood Young's books distinguish themselves from those of some of his predecessors on the same theme by an entire absence of false sentiment, polemics, and rhetoric. The unadorned tale, carefully documented, requires no adventitious aids to stimulate interest. The author is not unappreciative of the painful situation of Napoleon, which may excuse much of the ill-temper which the ex-Emperor displayed, but this does not lead him into unjust criticisms of the men whose disagreeable task it was to see that Napoleon remained secure on the island of St. Helena.

Mr. Young believes that as Napoleon had succeeded in hoodwinking Neil Campbell, the British commissioner at Elba, he was especially chagrined to find that neither Cockburn nor Lowe could be duped. Napoleon seems actually to have become obsessed by the idea that Lowe had been sent to St. Helena to make way with him. The fundamental difficulty, however, was that the British pursued a middle course with Napoleon, treating him as a guest under restraint and expecting him to accept the part with equanimity. It seems silly to have refused him the title of Emperor, although, as Mr. Young remarks, the English had never formally recognized his sovereignty. They had, nevertheless, attempted to negotiate peace with him in 1807, which was a virtual recognition of his rule. In 1814 they had also, as allies of the signatories of the Treaty of Fontainebleau, agreed that he should retain the imperial title. Their main concern was not his assumption of an imperial status, but the security of his person. The conditions which they imposed went far toward rendering Lowe's task impossible.

There are lighter sides to the Elba sojourn, and even the exile at St. Helena was not all

sombre. Napoleon's companions were a strange lot. Mr. Young carefully delineates each of them. Occasionally a single sentence gives an amusing glimpse of a personage. For example, of Piontkowski the author remarks: "To be associated with the Emperor, and to be free from pecuniary anxieties, was for him a wonderful fortune." In other cases an anecdote accomplishes the same purpose. It appears that Montchenu, the French commissioner, was in the habit of accepting invitations and offering no return, which earned him the name of the "Marquis de Montez-chez-nous."

In the chapter on "Finance" at Elba, Mr. Young gives figures to demonstrate that, although the French government did not pay the two million francs stipulated, Napoleon had money enough to maintain his establishment not only through 1815 but also through 1816 and 1817. If this was the case, the rapid shrinkage of his financial resources was not, as has been supposed, one cause of his return to France.

The descriptions of both Elba and St. Helena are based upon the author's careful examination of every feature of the islands. The interest of the narrative is much enhanced by the many illustrations drawn from the rich collections of Mr. A. M. Broadley.

HENRY E. BOURNE.

#### FRAGMENTA SHAKESPEAREANA.\*

Of the thirty periodical essays on Shakespearean subjects by Mrs. C. C. Stopes, now reprinted in book form, a few are well worth preservation between the covers of an easily accessible volume; the others might as well—or better—have been left buried in the periodicals where they first saw the light. Mrs. Stopes's book, which would much more appropriately have been entitled "Elizabethan and Shakespearean Fragments," adds very little—if anything—of value to our stock of dry facts concerning Shakespeare and his family. The chapter dealing with Asbies, Mary Arden's inheritance, does not clear up the mystery surrounding that estate; but it enables Mrs. Stopes to bring out a new detail in John Shakespeare's life, namely, that about 1580 he was fined forty pounds because of two law-suits in which he was involved. Mrs. Stopes fails to see the relevance of this "fact" to the question of John's fortunes. Like all the biographers of the greatest of Elizabethan poets, she too accepts the theory that John

had become poor and indigent about the time of the Asbies mortgage; although a careful examination of all the facts now known to us leaves no doubt that John's misfortunes have been enormously and grotesquely exaggerated. A broken bankrupt would not have been accepted, as John was, as surety in the Queen's Court at Westminster and elsewhere. That the Shakespeares ever suffered from poverty is a fable.

Mrs. Stopes has to her credit the discovery of the facts that in 1595 a "Mr. Shaxpere" of Stratford, *perhaps* it was John, was indebted to one "Jone Perat" for "one book"; and that at some time or other a "Maria Shaxpere," who *may* have been the poet's mother, was in some way connected with a law-suit. The statement that John lost his money "through some folly" is no more absurd or better founded than the conjecture that William "learnt some of his knowledge of law terms from the experience of his mother" in the suit referred to. Equally questionable is the value of the discovery that the much-tortured word "honorificabilitudinitatibus," which occurs in "Love's Labour's Lost" and in the mysterious Northumberland MS., is also to be found scribbled in a mid-sixteenth century hand in the registers of Pillerton Hersy, a town in Warwickshire, "a locality where the book and the writer were quite accessible to Shakspeare." Mrs. Stopes also claims credit for the discovery that, contrary to the general opinion, Queen Bess had in her service professional Fools and even women Fools.

Much more value attaches to her discovery that in Ingleby's photographic facsimile of the Diary of Thomas Greene, one page had been placed out of its order, and that consequently Ingleby drew a wrong inference in the matter of the Welecombe Enclosures. Many Shakespeareans will appreciate the reproduction of some of the correspondence of those concerned in the restoration of the Shakespeare Bust in 1748. The chapter on Burbage's "Theatre" is of interest only because it was expanded into a volume called "Burbage and Shakespeare's Stage," and because of a postscript in which Mrs. Stopes attempts, more malevolently than successfully, to claim for herself the discovery of many of the documents pertaining to the "Theatre,"—thus denying Professor Wallace's claim to priority in this matter. Her chapter on "The Friends in Shakespeare's Sonnets" is one of the worst essays on those unfortunate poems we have ever read. Any critic who interprets, as Mrs. Stopes does, the word "passion" in the locution, "The master-mistress of my passion," as meaning "sonnet," or who is satisfied to accept

\* SHAKESPEARE'S ENVIRONMENT. By Mrs. C. C. Stopes. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mrs. Jacquinetta Field, the wife of Shakespeare's friend, as the Dark Lady for no better reason than that "she was a Frenchwoman and therefore likely to have dark eyes, a sallow complexion, and that indefinable charm so much alluded to," is fit for—treasons, stratagems, and spoils, and is not to be trusted as a guide to Shakespeare. This is the kind of stuff on which Baconians feed fat. When it comes to making all sorts of rambling, improbable, and unprovable assertions concerning Shakespeare, Mrs. Stopes knows no limit. If there is any one thing that mars all her work, that takes all worth from her right copious industry, it is her want of the scientific temper, the desire for the truth for the truth's sake. She makes up her mind to what she wants to prove, and then twists all the facts around to her theory; and when facts fail her she resorts to conjecture and guess-work. When Shakespeare commentators reach this stage of mental astigmatism, there is no arguing with them. They use such phrases as "it is clear," "it is probable," "there is no doubt," etc., without the slightest warrant, and with apparently not the slightest idea of the meaning of the words they employ.

Our readers may recall a discovery made recently by Mr. Stevenson showing that in 1613 "Mr. Shakspeare" was paid forty-four shillings in gold for having devised an impresa or heraldic device for the Earl of Rutland. For various good and sufficient reasons, which need not be repeated here, Shakespeare students are agreed that this "Mr. Shakspeare" was our poet. But Mrs. Stopes does not think it consonant with the dignity of a great poet to earn money in this fashion, and she proceeds to throw doubt on the identification. She finds that there dwelt in London a bit-maker named John Shakspeare who might (!) have been called "Mr." by the Steward of Belvoir Castle and who was "probably" (possibly?) master of the Lariners Company. After regaling us with extracts from the accounts of various noblemen, in all of which the bit-maker is spoken of as "John Shakspeare," Mrs. Stopes concludes that she has proved that there was another contemporary and well-to-do "Mr. Shakspeare" in court service who might have been the person referred to in the Belvoir accounts. As a matter of fact, the extracts quoted by her prove nothing of the sort. Shakspeare the bit-maker is never given the appellation "Mr." in the accounts she quotes, and we have therefore no reason for assuming that it was he who was associated with Richard Burbage in devising an emblem for the Earl of Rutland. A psycho-analyst would find it difficult not to

conclude that Mrs. Stopes's defective logic is due to an overwhelming desire to belittle the discoveries of others and to magnify the importance of her own.

The latter tendency is strikingly, if unconsciously, manifested in Mrs. Stopes's chapter on the "True Story of the Stratford Bust." As luck would have it, our author (re-)discovered that Dugdale's "History of the Antiquities of Warwickshire" contains an engraving of the Stratford Bust which differs in certain details from the bust as we know it, and which had "been entirely ignored by all" Shakespeare students (except Halliwell-Phillipps, she might have added), although it is the earliest known engraving of the bust. In her enthusiasm over her discovery, Mrs. Stopes goes into raptures over the fact that in Dugdale's drawing the poet has "large and full dark eyes," hollow and emaciated cheeks, a softly-drooping (instead of a "perky") moustache, lacks the conventional sign-post pen, wants the familiar mantle, and is free from the "plump earthliness" of the bust. She finds in this engraving "the tired creator of poems, exhausted from lack of sleep," and boldly—and falsely—asserts that "it differs in all important details from the bust as it appears now." The differences between the bust and the drawing can be explained only in one of two ways: either Dugdale and his engraver were careless in the representation of the tomb, or the tomb was altered and remodelled after the publication of Dugdale's work. Mrs. Stopes, as might be guessed, adopts the latter view because it heightens the importance of her discovery. Quite in keeping with this tendency, she exaggerates the imperfections of the bust, and the differences between the bust and the engraving, credits Dugdale with painstaking care in his work (although she is forced to admit—after reading Andrew Lang's criticism of her essay—he "was no artist" and "was careless as to insignificant details," and "made no attempt at accurate reproduction of the expression of the human countenance"), magnifies and misrepresents the repairs of the bust made under Ward's direction in 1748 (there is no warrant for the assertion that the bust was "submitted to the moulder's mercenary hands" or that it was reconstructed), and strips the Droeshout and Chandos portraits of their value as fairly authentic presents of the poet. To further bolster up the significance of her find, she asserts as "quite possible" that Dugdale saw Shakespeare in the flesh, but she omits to say that Dugdale was only ten and one-half years old when the poet died, and was not a resident of Stratford. If all

that Mrs. Stoyes says were true, Dugdale's engraving would be a portrait of Shakespeare of the first importance. But Dugdale is not a reliable guide to the antiquities of Warwickshire, as a comparison of his illustrations with modern photographs of these antiquities will show. Sir George Trevelyan has pointed out that Dugdale's Carew Clopton Monument is even more inaccurate than his Shakespeare Monument, which seems to have been roughly and inexactly sketched for him or by him and subsequently elaborated by his draughtsman or engraver in accordance with the dictates of his fancy. Mrs. Stoyes admits that Dugdale's rough sketch, in his diary, shows the mantle, though the engraving in his book does not. The failure to reproduce Dugdale's sketch for comparison with the engraving is a suspicious circumstance, as is also the omission of photographs of the monument and of the engraving. These illustrations would not have added greatly to the cost of the book, and the readers would then be in a position to judge for themselves. As a matter of fact, the differences between the bust and monument and the engraving are such as result from the indifferent workmanship of an unskilled and careless draughtsman, and such as to leave no doubt that there was no attempt at exactness in the reproduction.

As for the rest of the book, with the exception of the really commendable chapter on the poet's maternal ancestry, it is too full of romancing to have any value as biography. Those who are not too particular about scientific exactness will find this a rather readable and fairly well written volume of odds and ends about Shakespeare and his times. It may not be an unfitting close to this review to mention that the very first page of Mrs. Stoyes's introductory chapter contains a wholly inexcusable misquotation from "Hamlet" ("There's a divinity doth shape our ends Rough hew them as we will") which is symbolic of the unscientific method characteristic of this author's work.

SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM.

#### BUDDHIST PSYCHOLOGY.\*

Like the psychology of Europe, Buddhist psychology is a growth, the result of a slow development through the centuries. European psychology, however, presents some cataclysmic changes, such as those from paganism to Christianity and from superstition to the scientific analysis of mind. This is not the case with Buddhist thought,—

\* BUDDHIST PSYCHOLOGY. By Mrs. C. A. F. Rhys-Davids. "The Quest Series." New York: The Macmillan Co.

there is quiet and continuous growth from the earliest to the latest writings.

Again, just as early European psychology is embedded in a larger body of philosophic doctrine, so this Buddhist psychology must be selected piecemeal from the philosophy through which psychological observations are scattered. These observations appear, however, to be fundamental to the philosophy of the Orient, and incidental (or almost incidental) to that of Europe. In both cases, moreover, ethics seems to be the chief aim of the philosophic thought.

To the above three rough similarities (grounded, perhaps, in the very nature of the human mind and its development) we may add a prime difference. The Buddhist thinkers did not begin with universals, but with more specific and concrete concepts of psychology. The chief categories are: (1) *chitta*, or consciousness; (2) *chetasika*, literally mental things, or "mentals"; (3) *rupa*, visible form, material quality; and (4) *nibbana* (nirvana), the ultimate good, or *summum bonum*.

The Buddhist concept of consciousness is far more extensive and pantheistic than our notion of personal consciousness. It includes the universe of being, from the infra-human through both inferior and superior celestial worlds. As is well known, Buddhist philosophy teaches that by sedulous exercise in contemplation "mundane consciousness might be temporarily transformed into consciousness experienced in either the less material or the quite immaterial worlds." *Chitta* is the name for this all-pervading consciousness, *chetasika* for its phases or factors; though the logic of whole and part is not emphatic in Buddhist thought, for it is a philosophy of the continuum. This pantheistic consciousness either "happens" in living individuals or is envisaged in them, and one of the most important attributes of consciousness is its badness or goodness. Hence ethics becomes an essential part of Buddhist psychology.

The fleeting "impermanent" character of the stream of thought and experience is contrasted with the more permanent human body in the earlier Buddhist writings. In later exegesis of this concept the mind is an "intermittent manifestation happening only in reaction to a suitable stimulus." Consequently there is visual, auditory, and other sensational consciousness—"just as fire is different according to the kind of fuel."

Besides the word *chitta* for mind or intelligence, the word *vññana*, almost the equivalent of our word "soul," was also used. The Buddhist notion of the genesis of individual

consciousness may then be inferred from the following quotation: "Were *viññāna*, *Ānanda*, not to descend into the mother's womb, would body and mind become constituted therein?" There are also terms for the self, and for mental and bodily life as combined in one individual. The self is also doubled in ethical passages, as in our term "self-accusation," etc. Finally, self-analysis is valued as a means of self-mastery.

Man is an "impermanent compound," with no unity save that conferred by the name, and he is capable of looking either into sense impressions or into spiritual impressions, including what may be called supernormal experience.

The account of consciousness in Mrs. Rhys-Davids's little book, from which we derive the foregoing summary, includes discussions of the following: (1) stimuli, or "those material qualities" from which the individual receives sense impressions; (2) feeling (including the "feeling-tone" of sensations), it being of interest to note that the existence of neutral or indifferent feelings is claimed; (3) perception, which includes both sense-perception and the perception of meaning and relations; (4) thought or mental elaboration, later on volition seeming to have been included in this "compound"; (5) consciousness in general (*viññāna*), including the already-mentioned genetic consciousness.

The reader will doubtless be surprised to find the fifth general notion, of which the preceding four are for us subdivisions, made coördinate with those four. This is accounted for by "the absence in the Buddhist tradition of any cogent logic of division by way of genus and species," and "an emphatic negation of any substantial unity in *viññāna*." "To see further separateness would be, wrote Buddhaghosa, 'as if one drew water at the delta where the five rivers enter the sea saying: 'This is Ganges water; this is Jumna water.'" "All these mental states are one with respect to their object." *Viññāna* in this phase of its meaning is almost the equivalent of our word "awareness."

No psychophysical theory of sensation, in the modern meaning, appears in Buddhist psychology; yet the senses are discussed with the dominant place always given to sight and colors. The division of labor between the senses is also noted. In the heart, or seat of the mind, the senses become one, according to the early disciples of Buddha, though this idea is not to be found in the teachings of the Founder himself.

Human emotions may be said to have begun only yesterday to yield to scientific analysis.

Little wonder, then, that Buddhist psychology describes only sense-feeling, and includes in this term "not well," "ills and pains of body, ills and misery of mind, in a word, dis-ease."

The analysis of intellectual processes is not carried far in the older books. Our every-day terms,—perception, opinion, volition, wish, aspiration, remembering, comparing, discerning, etc.,—are used, and give a hint as to the stage which analysis had reached.

The chief aim of the Buddhist disciples was to teach how to practise the exercises which helped toward the "emancipation of heart and mind from all hindrances and fetters adverse to spiritual perfection." The directions for auto-suggestion and the attainment of the trance-consciousness are excellent. Perhaps those in search of a rest cure for overwrought minds will find this portion of Mrs. Rhys-Davids's book the most valuable.

Such in briefest outline is the psychology of the Buddhist books regarded as the earliest ones. Later writings made further advances in the study of the mind. Yet viewed from the standpoint of the sharp discrimination and keen analysis of modern psychology, this very ancient discussion reminds us of one who "sees through a glass darkly." This reminder, however, comes when one reads any chapter of ancient psychology. Perhaps that is the best "exercise" to teach us how much labor our modern psychology has cost.

L. W. COLE.

#### A DIVINE VISIONARY.\*

"Your affectionate, enthusiastic, hope-fostered visionary,—William Blake." Thus, in the conclusion of a letter to Hayley, Blake describes himself; and it would be hard to find more apt words of denomination. Add to them that Blake was one of the greatest artists in lyric verse that the world has ever known, and that he was nevertheless separated from communication with men by an impenetrable wall of curious mysticism that almost ruined his art, and you do very fair justice to Blake as a poet.

Just because the larger part of Blake's work is so nearly an unintelligible ruin. Dr. Frederick E. Pierce has performed an especially valuable service in issuing his "Selections from the Symbolical Poems of William Blake." Blake's exquisite lyrics are known to everyone; but his "Prophetic Books" are so in-

\* SELECTIONS FROM THE SYMBOLICAL POEMS OF WILLIAM BLAKE. By Frederick E. Pierce, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English in Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University. New Haven: Yale University Press.

humanly repellent that not a hundred persons in a decade ever read them. It is as easy to penetrate into a virgin jungle as to venture into them; the labor is enormous and the reward doubtful. Professor Pierce, by separating from the great mass of Blake's chaotic writings certain of the more coherent portions, has produced an attractive volume that will allure many a reader who would flee from the complete "Prophetic Books" in dismay. Perhaps such a reader may, even after making the attempt which this book facilitates, turn back hopeless and revert to those simple and subtle lyrics in which Blake shows himself an unquestionable master of beauty; but he will at least have had the satisfaction of partially soothing a conscience that may well hesitate to regard as negligible even the maddest work of a mind that could sometimes sing thus:

"Thou the golden fruit dost bear,  
I am clad in flowers fair;  
Thy sweet boughs perfume the air,  
And the turtle buildeth there.

"There she sits and feeds her young,  
Sweet I hear her mournful song;  
And thy lovely leaves among,  
There is love, I hear his tongue."

Swinburne, great metrist that he was, chose this passage out for special admiration; and, indeed, there stirs everywhere through the lines a high aerial vibrancy, an auroral flush of music, that rises into regions never touched by Swinburne's own superb but earthly tides of sound.

No one has ever really understood the whole of Blake's "Prophetic Books." Swinburne's generous enthusiasm, called into being by the indisputable greatness of the lyrics, led him somehow to believe that he was able to fathom the longer poems also; and Mr. Yeats, influenced by his preoccupation with mysticism, has tried to make himself think that he can thread his way through these labyrinths. But neither one of them is very clear in his report of what he has seen in this cloudy nether-world; and it is not necessary for us to imagine that either one saw very much more than we see. For though Blake rose sometimes to lyrical heights from which he could have looked Milton and Shelley straight and level in the eyes, he sometimes sank to depths of intellectual confusion where he was below the eye-level of the maddest street-corner prophet. No great genius was ever more unequal than he. He wrote, on occasion, in terms so simple as to be universal, and at other moments in wild mythological images so complex and private as to be literally incomprehensible.

To get anything from the "Prophetic Books," one must first of all put them aside and attempt to understand Blake himself. Visionary and mystic though he was, he did not differ from ordinary men so much in the quality of his mental state as in the consistency with which he preserved a mental state that is for most men a very fleeting one. To the dullest of us come rare keen moments when in the glow of some sunrise the material phenomena of earth and sun are obliterated by the overwhelming spirit of flaming joy and new creation that cries out of that dawn; and for every man who has ever lived, the physical vesture of some woman has in a magic hour dissolved to nothing and left him staring into the spiritual Eden of a world beyond. But for most minds, these are passing moods; for most minds, the external signals by which the world makes itself known to our consciousnesses are the final verities. To Blake they were never verities. He forgot them as we habitually forget the alphabet through whose agency we read; he passed immediately beyond them to touch lovingly the significant soul of beauty which was adumbrated to him by the phenomena of life's episodes. In the clearest piece of self-analysis he ever uttered, he writes:

"I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is a hinderance and not action. 'What!' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises, do you not see a round disc of fire somewhat like a guinea?' Oh! no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!' I question not with my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning sight. I look through it and not with it."

Some such power as that, penetrating through commonplace phenomena to the more significant essences that lie behind them, is the very life-blood of poetical imagination; and though Blake was far from being the greatest of the poets, it may be doubted whether any human being has ever had a more intense light of poetry in his soul. What Blake lacked was a cold calculating architectural intellect; and he left no single edifice that can be spoken of in the same breath with those of Milton and Shelley, who are in other ways his spiritual peers. Rather, his work is like a series of half-ruined Gothic windows, sometimes mere fragments of glowing mosaic; but through them pours a light tinged with such unearthly splendor that, in certain moods, one asks for nothing more. He was a great craftsman, often, in these fragments; and it is a well selected group of the fragments that Professor Pierce has brought together.

These selections will give to a reader unfamiliar with the whole of Blake's work an impression of greater lucidity than is wholly accurate or wholly fortunate. Professor Pierce would doubtless be the first to acknowledge that his attempt, while it will win Blake many new readers, does on the other hand diminish the chaotic and cloudy grandeur of Blake's wild universe without greatly abating its fundamental preposterousness. The selections try to show in decent sequence the chief elements of Blake's mythological system; but this system is the one thing in the "Prophetic Books" that is quite negligible for sane men. Blake was by no means the profound and Platonean mind that some of his admirers think him. He was simply the wreck of a great artist. Those purgatorial visions, those volcanic fragments of thought, which in him too often take the place of really intelligent cerebration, he clothed in music and lightning; and they issued forth with a splendor that is dazzling and misleading. Unable to subdue these sub-rational fever-hallucinations to the discipline of any intelligible order or even to the requirements of communicable expression, he created out of them a fictitious world of phantasmagoria, filled with names and symbols of arbitrary and indecipherable meaning.

Mr. Yeats would doubtless damn to the pit a critic who chose to admit that he found the "Prophetic Books" chaotically unintelligible; but Gilchrist, the devoted and sympathetic biographer of Blake, was forced to confess in his day that he believed them to be "incoherent rhapsodies, . . . a perplexed region of morbid analogy." These symbolic poems, in spite of all their interest, are failures; for art is expression, and these do not achieve expressiveness. One cannot properly quarrel with Blake for the mystical unreality of his conceptions; but we may justly blame him for his neglect to embody these conceptions in a form capable of conveying the vision to us. It is a pure case of insufficient artistic conscience; the visionary who wrote "Vala," "Milton," and "Jerusalem" has overwhelmed the artist who wrote "The Tiger," and left him stammering in solitary darkness.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

The first complete edition of the "Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson" will be published this autumn by Mr. Elkin Mathews of London. The edition will include some hitherto unprinted pieces, and numerous verses now collected for the first time, in addition to the contents of the two volumes issued by the publisher some twenty years ago.

#### RECENT PLAYS OF WAR AND LOVE.\*

Like the rest of us, the dramatists cannot get away from the war; and like us, they cannot find much that is new to say about it. Alas, that "bromides" taste no fresher for being prescribed by a celebrated doctor! Timeliness and a great name did not avail to give Sir James Barrie's "Der Tag" success on the stage; and for reading, too, it is a futile and unimpressive piece of work. The fact is that Barrie's genius is no better adapted to heroics than is that of his best known American interpreter. Mr. Alfred Noyes's "A Belgian Christmas Eve" reads a good deal better. It is a new version of "Rada," Mr. Noyes's one-act play of the Balkan War, with the scene changed from Servia to Belgium. Dramatically and as a protest against war, "A Belgian Christmas Eve" is much less effective than the American war play, "Across the Border" (reviewed in *THE DIAL* of August 15). As a playwright, Mr. Noyes has not fully mastered his technique; and the flavor of partisanship, from which the American play is kept scrupulously free, weakens the moral effect of the piece. Nevertheless, Mr. Noyes tells an appealing story; and his verse, one need hardly add, is vigorous and at times imaginative. Its fault, as usual, is a fatal fluency. Mr. Noyes seldom knows when to stop. Thus his epilogue, beginning with the fine stanza quoted below, trails off into prolixity and weakness.

Now the muttering gun-fire dies,  
Now the night has cloaked the slain,  
Now the stars patrol the skies,  
Hear our sleepless prayer again!  
They who work their country's will,  
Fight and die for Britain still,  
Soldiers but not haters, know

\* "DER TAG." OR, The Tragic Man. By J. M. Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A BELGIAN CHRISTMAS EVE. By Alfred Noyes. Illustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE SORROWS OF BELGIUM. By Leonid Andreyev. Authorized translation by Herman Bernstein. New York: The Macmillan Co.

PATRIE! By Victorien Sardou. Translated by Barrett H. Clark. "The Drama League Series." New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE STATE FORBIDS. By Sada Cowan. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

A MAN'S WORLD. By Rachel Crothers. "American Drama-tists Series." Boston: Richard G. Badger.

SUBMERGED. By Maxim Gorki. Translated by Edwin Hopkins. "Contemporary Dramatists Series." Boston: Richard G. Badger.

LOVERS; THE FREE WOMAN; THEY. By Maurice Donnay. Translated by Barrett H. Clark. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

LOVE IN DANGER. By Mrs. Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

PLASTER SAINTS. A High Comedy in Three Movements. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A BIT OF LOVE. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMB WIFE. By Anatole France. Translated by Curtis Hidden Page. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Co.

*Thou must pity friend and foe.  
Therefore hear  
Both for foe and friend, our prayer."*

A Russian tribute of pity to Belgium is paid by Leonid Andreyev. Emil Grelieu, the hero of "The Sorrows of Belgium," is Maeterlinck scarcely disguised; and in style the play seems an attempt to imitate the Belgian master. As might be expected, it succeeds best in imitating his weaknesses, especially the vagueness and repetition of his earlier manner. A speech or two will serve as a sample:

"*Jeanne.* But I cannot, Emil. What is it? I cannot understand. What is it? Where are we? My God, I don't understand anything. I used to understand, I used to understand, but now—Where is Pierre? [Firmly] Where is Pierre?"

"*Maurice.* Oh, will he be here soon? Mother dear, we'll start in a moment.

"*Jeanne.* Yes, yes, we'll start in a moment. But I don't understand anything. Where are we? Why such a dream? Why such a dream? I can't understand. Who has come? My head is aching. Who has come? Why has it happened?"

By this recipe, dramatic dialogue is indeed easy to write. Of Maeterlinck's imaginative uplift and spiritual insight the play has not a trace.

Far more effective than these new pieces, even as a plea for the Belgium of to-day, is Sardou's powerful melodrama of the days of William the Silent,—"Patrie." First performed in 1869, this play now appears for the first time in English, admirably translated for "The Drama League Series" by Mr. Barrett H. Clark. In his Introduction, Mr. Clark sensibly protests against the modern tendency to ridicule Sardou and the "well made play," for which Mr. Bernard Shaw set the fashion with his jests at "Sardoodledom." So far as this tendency represents a reaction against a standardized and machine-made form of play, it is wholesome; yet a machine-made form is infinitely better than no form at all, as anyone who reads "The Sorrows of Belgium" or Gorki's "Submerged" (noticed below) will heartily testify. "Patrie" tells the story of the Count de Rysoor, a heroic Flemish patriot who with the help of William of Orange nearly succeeds in delivering Brussels from the cruel militaristic control of the Duke of Alva. The play is crowded with action, like a Shakespearean tragi-comedy; its material is intensely dramatic, and is presented with the brilliance and skill of a great master of his craft. Beside the broad sweep of its action, its vivid and masculine force, most of the little modern "dramas of ideas" seem the peevish whinings of an invalid.

For example, consider "The State Forbids," a little tract in dialogue which scatters

its fire of complaints among various supposed abuses, including war. The State forbids the doctor to inform the drunkard's wife how to avoid having children; when the idiot child is born, the State forbids its mother or the doctor to kill it; and finally the State through conscription takes away from the mother her only strong and intelligent son. Her conclusion, requiring no comment, is "Damn the State!" In the reviewer's opinion, the only one of these complaints which has any justification is the first, and it is obvious that this cannot be satisfactorily treated in drama.

A much stronger example of the play with a thesis is Miss Crothers's "A Man's World." The central idea is that a woman who believes in a single standard of sex morality should not marry a man who has lived in accordance with the "double standard." The plot is carefully constructed to fit this doctrine. The heroine, "Frank" Ware, a successful writer, has adopted the illegitimate son of an American girl who died when the child was born, in Paris. As her love for the adopted "Kiddie" has grown, her hate of his unknown father has kept pace with it. When through an ancient but skilfully handled dramatic device, she learns that the man with whom she is in love is "Kiddie's" father, her problem is before her. Here is the weak spot in the play. The author is determined that the heroine shall act consistently with her theory and reject her lover; but in order to make this plausible on the stage, it was necessary to violate all plausibility in another matter, and to sacrifice the consistency of the lover's character. He is represented as a masterful and rather unscrupulous man of the world, much in love with Frank. Yet when she makes it perfectly plain that she would instantly accept him if he showed the slightest sign of repentance, he suddenly develops a strain of scrupulous and unseasonable truthfulness which enables her to reject him. In spite of this weakness, the play is in general well planned, and in so far deserves its success on the stage. In style and characterization, however, it is decidedly crude.

Whatever may be thought of Gorki's "Submerged," it cannot be accused of having a thesis. "These plays," the writer of the Introduction tells us, "pass the test of all supreme art; they are slices of life." Without commenting on the things which the "test of supreme art" would exclude, one may remark that this particular "slice of life" is cut from the toughest part of the rump. The scene is a Russian lodging house of the lowest type, an eddy into which the scum of humanity has drifted. In this filthy hole appears

Luka, an aged pilgrim, and for a short time he brings a little kindness into the lives of the wretches who live there. Then for no apparent reason he disappears, and the inhabitants sink back to an even lower level than that on which they lived before his coming. The play is confusing to read on account of the large number of characters and the multiplicity of Russian nicknames. In this respect, at least, the translator would appear to have done his work rather badly.

Of the three plays of Maurice Donnay translated by Mr. Barrett H. Clark for "The Modern Drama Series" two, as is usual with Donnay, are concerned entirely with illicit sex relations. In "Lovers" and "The Free Woman" we are in a world where informal and temporary relations are the regular thing. "Lovers" opens, as one of Clyde Fitch's plays does, with a children's party; but the mothers of these hopeful families are all unmarried. Claudine Rozay, who gives the party for her little daughter, has been for years the mistress of the Count de Ruyseux. Vétheuil, the other man who gains her affections, becomes dissatisfied because she will not break with the count and live with him openly. She is perfectly willing to be unfaithful to the count in secret, but for the sake of their daughter she refuses to leave him altogether. After a time Vétheuil can endure this no longer; in spite of tears and storms he goes off on an exploring expedition to Indo-China, and on his return marries. Meanwhile, Ruyseux' wife having died, Claudine reconciles herself to marriage with her old lover. The title of "The Free Woman" is ironical. Antonia, like Claudine, enters on another intrigue while still the mistress of Roger Lembrun; but he, a man of considerable character, discovers her infidelity and discards her. A sub-plot emphasizes the point of the play: that people in irregular unions ("free") are really in a double bondage to their lovers and to their own passions. Both plays, it need hardly be said, are well constructed, and the characters are analyzed and discriminated with skill. The translation appears to be excellent; but it is hard to see what good purpose is served by putting French plays of this type into English at all. If they are widely read, it will be not because of their literary merit, but because of their interest of scandal; and surely they give a misleading impression of French life and character. The third play in the volume, "They," is a clever and cynical one-act farce, in which a bridegroom and a bride, meeting by chance for the first time in a hotel, decide to leave their newly married spouses and

elope. This trifle is written with much gaiety and spirit.

At once more serious and more humorous are the three one-act pieces in Mrs. Havelock Ellis's "Love in Danger." The scenes are all laid in the kitchens of Cornish cottages, and the dialogue has a strong and delightful flavor of the soil. As the title of the volume suggests, each of the plays deals with a crisis in married love. In "The Subjection of Kezia," Joe Pengilly, rather stupid, much in love, and married two years, is perplexed and worried by the "teasiness" and crossness of his wife. He confides in his older friend, Matthew Trevaskis, a travelled philosopher who has had domestic troubles of his own. Matthew confidently diagnoses the case, and prescribes the cane as a remedy; with much difficulty he induces the reluctant Joe to go with him and purchase the hateful implement. The solution, unexpected by all three, is thoroughly satisfactory. In "The Pixy" the endangered love is that of a husband for his dead wife. The situation is an uncommon one, and is not made entirely clear; the piece succeeds as a study in character, but not as a play. In "Mothers" the threatened ruin of a family is averted by the triumph of the maternal instinct over the sexual, not in the wife, but in her rival. Mrs. Ellis's characters are always firmly and delicately drawn, and her situations are presented sympathetically and with the restraint that gives added force. The first and third plays should act well.

Love is in danger in Mr. Zangwill's "Plaster Saints" also; but the main issue is of a different sort. The Reverend Dr. Rodney Vaughn is a leading light in one of the dissenting churches. He is a robust, powerful, and thoroughly human minister, and exercises great influence throughout his neighborhood. His wife, a saintly Puritan, discovers and forces him to admit that a year or so previously he has had a love affair with his secretary and is the father of her child. Mrs. Vaughn tries to force him to public confession, and threatens to divorce him so that he may marry the girl. He defends his course of deception on grounds of the harm his exposure would do to the church and to individuals, and of the uselessness of destroying his future influence. It is through his sin, he declares, that he has become able really to help sinners. The problem thus presented is the theme of the play. Vaughn comes over to his wife's position,—let the plaster saint be smashed, and the real man step forth to do what work he can in the world. But when it appears that his public confession would ruin her daughter's prospects, Mrs. Vaughn too

reverses her attitude; and the play ends rather weakly with a quasi-vindication of Vaughn's original course. No real solution of the problem is presented; but both sides of the case are vigorously argued, with some wit and much rhetoric. Why Mr. Zangwill should choose to call the piece in his sub-title "a high comedy in three movements" is a double mystery. The authors of our genuine "high comedy," we may be pretty sure, would have shunned the term like poison if it had been invented in their days. "Plaster Saints," in point of fact, is primarily not comedy, but melodrama. And why on earth should any dramatist think proper to call his acts "movements"?

"Plaster Saints" is the work of a clever man of talent; Mr. Galsworthy's "A Bit o' Love" bears the mark of genius. Its characters are never, like Mr. Zangwill's, "stagey" or rhetorical; they are absolutely unconscious of an audience, and real. Mr. Galsworthy is not here dealing with a sociological problem, as he does in some of his earlier plays. The wrong-headed criticism which must find a thesis in every serious play can doubtless discover one here, but the interest does not lie in any thesis; it lies in the vivid and charming characterization, and in the development of the central character through the action. For background there is a village in the West of England, and a group of worthies whose talk is comparable in raciness and humor with that of Hardy's rustics. Michael Strangway, the curate, is a very human saint with the passionate heart of a poet or musician. His wife, with whom he is hopelessly in love, has deserted him for a former lover. She comes back to entreat him not to divorce her, since divorce proceedings would ruin her lover. Rather than be the cause of this, she will even return to the husband for whom she has never cared. After a cruel struggle with himself, Michael consents to let her go. The interview is overheard by one of his parishioners, and the news, spreading rapidly, brings upon the curate the contempt of the neighborhood. He is hissed as he comes out of the church. Even the rector's wife—an admirably drawn character, by the way,—urges upon him the duty of divorce. "This great church of ours," she tells him, "is based on the rightful condemnation of wrong-doing. There are times when forgiveness is a sin." Strangway will not yield; but his desolation brings him to the verge of suicide. The appearance of a child whom he frightens and then comforts, and of a farmer who is pluckily struggling with a great grief, restore him to his real self. Mr. Galsworthy's insight

appears in nothing more strikingly than in this fine and strong conclusion. A lesser playwright would not have resisted the temptation of the obviously effective tragic end. The workmanship of the play, indeed, is everywhere fine and strong; from the literary as well as from the dramatic point of view, it is a continuous delight.

An equally finished bit of work, which must be considered by itself, is Anatole France's charming mediæval farce, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." This has been well translated by Professor Curtis Hidden Page, who supplies also an interesting Introduction. The play is based on a story told by Rabelais, of a man who, sad because his wife is dumb, becomes sadder when her speech is restored by a famous surgeon, and who finds relief only in an operation which makes him stote deaf. M. France has adhered closely to this simple outline; but his play is a marvel of literary dexterity. Without any affectation of archaism, he has, as Professor Page remarks, somehow infused the little farce with the very spirit of the old comedy,—its lively action, its broad and simple humor. The thing is a trifle, a mere recreation for M. France, but it is executed with the cunning hand of the master. Our own writers lack this fine historical sense; not one of them could so perfectly assume the tone and manner of that earlier time.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

#### RECENT FICTION.\*

With the exception of two or three "sports," Mr. Harold Bindloss has written upwards of a score of novels having substantially the same thematic material, and it is surprising to note how successfully he contrives to invest this material with fresh interest upon each new venture. The scene is always Western Canada; the hero is always a man of simple integrity and self-reliant character; the heroine is always something of a patrician, slow to reach an appreciation of the hero's genuine human worth. Inimical social influences always work to delay the romantic consummation; there is always a villain or two occupied in thwarting the hero's activities; and there is always a fierce battle with nature, in which the fury of the elements is met and overcome by sheer pluck and dogged perseverance. This is the story of "Harding

\* HARBING OF ALLENWOOD. By Harold Bindloss. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.  
THE LANDLOPER. A Romance of the Woods. By Holman Day. New York: Harper & Brothers.  
THE SEA-HAWK. By Rafael Sabatini. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

of Allenwood," as it is of most of its predecessors. We note that Mr. Bindloss's heroes are more convincing than his heroines. The charms of the latter are made known to us inferentially rather than by clear portraiture. The author is singularly chary in the matter of their personal description, and gives us no more than hints on the physical side. His heroes are much better done, and all in all he is a man's writer rather than a caterer to the tastes of his feminine readers. But in his plodding prosaic way he does it all remarkably well, and it is a marvel that he can thus continue doing the same thing over and over again without making the monotony of the proceeding too wearisome. One thing we know for certain—that whatever the tragic complications of the romance, the difficulties will all be cleared away, and the ending made happy.

"The Landloper," Mr. Holman Day's new novel, hardly justifies its sub-title, "A Romance of the Woods." It is true that it opens in the woods, with its vagabond hero on the tramp. But it soon takes us to the city, and keeps us there. Walker Farr (which is not his real name) has taken to the road as a fugitive from the law, owing to a situation created by his quixotic self-sacrifice to save his father's reputation. He has also sought to divest himself of human sympathies that he may escape active participation in the affairs of men. But the social claim proves too strong for him when he comes face to face with the conditions created by the unholy alliance of business and politics in the New England State which is the scene of his adventures. An unscrupulous syndicate has got control of the municipal water-supply systems of the Commonwealth, and is supplying typhoid-infected drinking water to its customers. Farr feels constrained to make himself "an enemy of the people" by an attack upon this criminal conspiracy, and sets himself to work with such effect that he destroys the power of the syndicate, and causes the election of a new governor honest and courageous enough to overthrow the whole corrupt system. Along with this civic crusade goes Farr's own personal romance, in which the villain is duly thwarted, and the girl securely won. Farr makes a very engaging hero for this complication of sentiment and pathos and political intrigue, and his procedure has a quality of originality which does credit to the author's invention, and does not permit the reader's interest to lapse for a moment.

From the imagined memoirs of one Lord Henry Goade, in eighteen manuscript folio

volumes, Mr. Rafael Sabatini has pretended to gather the material for a romance entitled "The Sea-Hawk." Without the aid of this ponderous autobiography, he tells us, "it were impossible to reconstruct the life of that Cornish gentleman who became a renegade and a Barbary Corsair and might have become Basha of Algiers but for certain matters which are to be set forth." Adopting the fiction, then, we express our heartfelt gratitude to the mythical Sir Henry for preserving his record of the deeds of Sir Oliver Tressilian, the mighty-thewed and fiery-tempered hero of this stirring tale of the spacious times of Queen Bess. It is one of the most exciting yarns of its good old-fashioned sort that we have encountered for many years. Sir Oliver became a corsair because the treachery of his half-brother caused him to be trepanned and sold into slavery, and because the fair Rosamund believed him to have been the murderer of her own brother. When the whirligig of time eventually brought into his power both the treacherous half-brother and the faithless maiden, he was enabled to have his revenge upon the one, and so to enlighten the other as to regain her love. How he rescued her from Moorish captivity, and how he cleared his own name in the eyes of the English judges who would have hanged him incontinently, is recounted for us in a thrilling tale which rises steadily to a dramatic climax, and comes out in a way to satisfy all our romantic instincts. Mr. Sabatini is a wonder-worker in the narrative of adventure, and we are especially grateful to him for sparing us the fustian of the artificial archaism in language with which practitioners in this kind are wont to clothe the products of their invention.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Peaceful  
meetings in  
time of war.*

There is an old saying that before forty we seek pleasure, after forty we shun pain. Some such truth as that, if it be a truth, may help to explain why Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, in the maturity of his somewhat more than forty years, is inclined to look upon human life and all human activity as partaking of the nature of an avoidance of ill. This, at any rate, is the view illustrated and defended in the opening paper of "Escape, and Other Essays" (Century Co.), a collection of meditative disquisitions refreshingly remote from the theme now occupying the minds of so many writers and of the great

majority of readers. It is a remoteness for which the author feels constrained to offer an apology, or a justification. "Is it right, is it decent," he asks, "to unfold an old picture of peace before the eyes of those who have had to look into chaos and destruction?" and he answers: "Yes, I believe that it is right and wholesome to do this, because the most treacherous and cowardly thing we can do is to disbelieve in life. Those old dreams and visions were true enough, and they will be true again. They represent the real life to which we must try to return." Therefore he directs his thoughts and ours to such perennial themes of interest as literature and life, sunset, charm, dreams, schooldays, authorship, Walt Whitman, villages, and some of the deeper mysteries of our existence. Much of the writer's intimate personal history creeps, here and there, into his pages. In his chapter on authorship it is curious to note his confession that without the prospect of publication he could hardly retain his interest in writing. This contrasts with a much earlier assertion, in one of his first books, that the mere act of literary composition was enough in itself to keep his pen going. Art for its own sake then seemed to suffice him. He does not note this significant change of tone. We acquire a sadder wisdom with the passing years. In discussing dreams Mr. Benson declares his belief that his own dreams, contrary to the usual rule, occur in the midst of profound sleep, not on its either edge; for, says he, "I have occasionally been awakened suddenly by some loud sound, and on these occasions I have come out of dreams of an intensity and vividness that I have never known equaled." But, obviously, that proves nothing; or it may argue the very contrary of the author's contention. The book is a worthy addition to a notable series.

*A mine of entomological wonder-lore.*

The insect world remains a *terra incognita* to most people because of the small size of the individuals which compose its myriad hordes. The microscope makes possible, on the one hand, the minute examination of these diminutive hosts; and microphotography, on the other hand, has made such progress in recent years, due largely to applications of the electric light, that permanent photographs of the scales of a butterfly's wing revealing the minutest detail of form and ornament can be made with great success. The unobserved and hidden beauties of the insect world which have hitherto been reserved for the professional entomologist or amateur microscopist have thus become available for publication

without the great expense entailed by expert technical drawings and lithographic reproduction. The explorations of tropical lands since the days of Bates and Wallace have accumulated great stores of unique and interesting information about beautiful and curious insects largely unutilized since the compilations of Figuier and J. G. Wood. Mr. Edward Step, in his "Marvels of Insect Life" (McBride, Nast & Co.), has availed himself of a remarkably large mass of fresh and out-of-the-way material in this field, and has portrayed it with the aid of camera and microscope,—and also with the frequent help, especially in his full-page plates, of the constructive artist, who usually adds a few unnatural touches to intensify the entomological drama. We can hardly agree with Mr. Raymond Ditmar's statement in his preface that Fabre is here "brought up to date." The great French popularizer of insect lore captivates his reader by the logical sequence as well as the dramatic interest of his story; while there is about as much sequence in Mr. Step's treatise as there is in a vaudeville programme. The author has studiously eliminated in his treatment all semblance of logical continuity of subjects or recognition of relationships of his material, with the false idea that chaos is simplicity. His sub-title, "An Account of Structure and Habit," is for this reason rather misleading. Fortunately, his index makes it possible for an inquiring reader to ascertain what the book really contains. Mr. Step uncritically calls the black gnat the "pellagra fly," apparently unaware that Sambon's theory of the relation of this insect to that dread disease has been discredited. The illustrations are very abundant, there being one or more on each page; and many, the microphotographs especially, are fairly well executed. The technique of illumination has not been well achieved in some of the photographs under low magnifications. The text is clearly written, and the book is a mine of interesting but somewhat disjointed entomological lore.

*Piquant passages from the life of a Japanese poet.* Artless charm marks the candid autobiography of the Japanese poet, Mr. Yone Noguchi, who, like his friend, Mr. Yoshio Markino, came in tender youth across the Pacific to California, supported himself by various kinds of drudgery until he found his true vocation, proceeded to our eastern coast and thence to London, and noted with observant eye the thousand and one things so strange and often amusing—also often shocking—to his oriental scrutiny. "The Story of Yone Noguchi" (Jacobs) is illustrated, chiefly in color, by

Mr. Markino, and thus unites the grace and idealism and ingenuousness of the reminiscent poet with the delicacy and dreamy beauty of this eminent artist's brush. Both poet and painter are too favorably known to need a reviewer's commendatory word. San Francisco in its radiance and gaiety, Joaquin Miller on his "Heights," Chicago in its smoke and busy turmoil, London with its fog and beautiful women, and Japan after eleven years of absence—these are the writer's main themes, treated with much of the same boyish frankness and pleasing intermixture of native idioms that made Mr. Markino's story of his similar wanderings so oddly engaging. The piquancy of these pages from the life of a Japanese poet-traveller finds no small part of its explanation in the author's epigrammatic statement that "the Japanese mind, like any other Japanese thing, only works upside down to that of Englishmen." Admirable is his enthusiasm for the Poet of the Sierras, next door to whom on the mountain-side he made his home in reverent discipleship for four happy though impecunious years. In fact, all that is poetic in suggestion stirs Mr. Noguchi and gives eloquence to his pen, whereas the prosaic materialism of the Chicago viewed by him in a brief visit elicits expressions of not unnatural loathing. "I think the god of the Chicagoans is a devil," he frankly declares. Like his friend and compatriot already named, he attains some of his highest flights in praise of occidental female beauty. Throughout his narrative he shows himself fair-minded, as scrupulous to censure Japanese defects as to praise foreign excellences. It is a book of no narrow outlook, and it is entertainingly written. Interspersed bits of the writer's verse go well with his not unpoetic prose.

Germany's  
economic  
development.

In his books on "The Theory of the Leisure Class" and "The

Instinct of Workmanship," pub-

lished in recent years, Mr. Thorstein Veblen offered an acute and illuminating analysis of certain highly important modern sociological and economic conditions throughout the world at large. In his latest book, "Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution" (Macmillan), he has achieved equal success in the interpretation of the economic development of a single country. This volume, it should be observed, was written more than a year ago. Its publication was delayed by the war, but it is in no sense a "war book." Furthermore, it has not been Mr. Veblen's purpose in the volume to write an economic history of Germany; that has been done by various other scholars. The object has been to establish a

comparison and correlation between the economic phenomena of Germany and of the English-speaking peoples, "considered as two distinct and somewhat divergent lines of cultural development in modern times." The ground upon which the inquiry runs is chiefly the "industrial circumstances that have shaped the outcome in either case." And the intention has been to account for Germany's industrial advance and high efficiency by natural causes, "without drawing on the logic of manifest destiny, Providential nepotism, national genius, and the like." The author begins his inquiry in the stone age of the Baltic peoples. But he adds little to the value of his work by so doing, except in so far as he is enabled to impress the facts of the hybrid character of the German people and the lack of essential difference in race between the Germans, English, Dutch, and the Slavs of Great Russia. His appraisal of the physical resources and adaptiveness of the German lands is valuable. It is, however, the economic development which has taken place under the regulating hand of the Hohenzollern dynasty, and especially since the second quarter of the nineteenth century, that, deservedly, absorbs the author's attention chiefly. It is demonstrated that Germany did not develop the technical arts as a native growth, but borrowed them, largely from England, and that she thereby escaped many of the unfortunate conditions which in the latter country attended the earlier stages of the Industrial Revolution. Her people, too, did not develop that individual initiative and habit of self-help which in England promoted the growth of political democracy and the decline of "authority,"—a fact of the greatest importance because it meant that there were preserved those earlier habits of mind which were suited to the maintenance of centralized, coercive, irresponsible, dynastic control. The economic policy of the Imperial State since 1871 is described fully and cleverly. That, in default of the close and continuous regulation which the State has imposed, the course of German industry and trade would have been as different from the historical one as Mr. Veblen imagines, the reader may not agree. But the fact of regulation remains, and the inner character and significance of it has never been described more effectively than in the present volume. In a pregnant chapter entitled "The Net Gain" the author makes an interesting appraisal of German "Kultur." The conclusion at which he arrives is that the principal characteristic of this culture is its retarded adherence to certain mediæval or sub-mediæval habits of thought, the equiva-

lents of which belong farther back than the historic present in the experience of other western peoples, notably the English and French. The cultural scheme, in short, is out of date, and out of touch with itself in that it is in part archaic and in part quite new. On this account the main body of it cannot be transfused abroad; indeed, it cannot permanently be held fast *in statu quo* within the confines of the Fatherland.

*Recent progress in the study of heredity.* The N. W. Harris lectures for 1914 at Northwestern University were delivered by Dr. Edwin Grant Conklin, professor of biology in Princeton University, and dealt with the general topic of human heredity. They are now published under the title, "Heredity and Environment in the Development of Men" (Princeton University Press). Though many books have been issued in this field in the past five years, none has attained so successfully the vitally important features of simplicity, clarity, and progressive development of the subject, and a sympathetic correlation of the teachings of biology with ideals of human freedom and with the basis of personal and social ethics. The lectures were prepared for a general audience, and the subject has been made both plain and interesting without sacrifice of scientific soundness or logical completeness. The subject is consistently developed to its final applications to human problems of gravest import. The book deals with the development of the animal body from the germ cells to the functioning body, and of the mind from the lowest tropisms to will and consciousness. It discusses the germ cells and the mechanism of heredity and of development, the significance of the individual, the laws of inheritance, especially of human traits, the influence of environment and of functional activity upon development and evolution. The control of human evolution by the application of our growing knowledge of human strength and weakness and its behavior in inheritance is sanely discussed, with a frank and forceful statement of the possibilities and limitations of eugenic measures. Most suggestive and stimulating is the lucid discussion of genetics and ethics, determinism and responsibility, and the relations between the individual and the race. Simple diagrams elucidate the objective phases of the subject, and there are an adequate glossary, a bibliography, and an index. The book is an authoritative, scholarly, complete, and very up-to-date presentation of current biological fact and conclusions, applied with breadth of view to the fundamental problems of human life.

*The arduous life of a reformer.*

Descended from the Shaws of Rothiemurchus on her father's side, and inheriting, apparently, many of the qualities of her maternal grandmother, also a Scotch woman and a person of dauntless courage and of ideas in advance of her time, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw has but obeyed the promptings of her nature in devoting her life to the service of one worthy cause after another, until now she is classed by general consent with such noted reformers of her own sex as Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Stanton, and Miss Willard. A vivid and stirring account of her reform labors, and of her earlier life before the passion for reform had seized her, comes from her own pen in "The Story of a Pioneer" (Harper), wherein her English birth and infant memories, her nearly fatal voyage to this country in 1851, the well-nigh incredible hardships endured by her family on the Michigan frontier, and all the obstacles she herself had to surmount in attaining her present position, are set forth with the magic touch found only in a true narration of things well worth narrating. Let a single passage from the Michigan epoch indicate the character of the long struggle that furnishes the substance of the book. "During our first winter we lived largely on corn-meal, making a little journey of twenty miles to buy it; but even at that we were better off than our neighbors, for I remember one family in our region who for an entire winter lived solely on coarse-grained yellow turnips, gratefully changing their diet to leeks when these came in the spring." Dr. Shaw's public life is so well known that it need not be outlined here; her earlier experiences in the forbidding enterprise of educating herself for that life in the face of family opposition and an utter lack of material resources are less familiar, and will be read with keen interest. School-teaching, the ministry, medical study and some occasional practice, and various reforms have successively or all together engaged her attention and her energies. In her character of President of the National American Woman Suffrage Association she has the following to say on a subject of some present importance: "There has never been any sympathy among American suffragists for the militant suffrage movement in England, and personally I am wholly opposed to it. I do not believe in war in any form; and if violence on the part of men is undesirable in achieving their ends, it is much more so on the part of women; for women never appear to less advantage than in physical combats with men." Of interest is her assertion that

"Mr. Emerson, at first opposed to woman suffrage, became a convert to it during the last years of his life—a fact his son and daughter omit to mention in his biography." The book's numerous illustrations have an attractive quality comparable with that of the reading matter.

*A Scandinavian historical drama.*

It was exceptionally appropriate that the American-Scandinavian Foundation should include in

its interesting series of "Scandinavian Classics" a translation of that powerfully vivid dramatization of the career of one of Sweden's great historical characters,—Strindberg's "Master Olof." The hero of this drama was the Luther of his people, the religious innovator who overturned the rule of Rome in the realm and reign of Gustavus Vasa, and who was himself destroyed by his sometime protector, the King, when he became involved with a group of Anabaptists holding social democracy as a prominent article of their creed. In Strindberg's presentation of his hero, Olof becomes the prototype of all idealistic reformers, uncompromising at moments as Ibsen's Brand, but more living than he because more subtly studied in his moods of weakness as well as in his exaltations of strength. He was, the poet admits, a kind of shadow of his own rebellious self at twenty-three, "ambitious and weak-willed; unscrupulous when something was at stake, and yielding at other times; possessed of great self-confidence, mixed with a deep melancholy; balanced and irrational; hard and gentle." The pessimism that colors most of Strindberg's later work is here already strongly marked, but it is a pessimism by no means entire, since it is rooted in a thoroughly scientific and impersonal idealism. There is no end to the struggle for human progress, Olof's creator makes him say, although in the fight individuals who forward the victory must seem to fail and perish before they have done more than hold up the torch an instant to light their stumbling fellows on the way.

*Bodies politic and their government.*

A book reminiscent of Sir John Seeley's "Introduction to Political Science," but with vastly more of fact and less of philosophy, is Mr. B. S. Hammond's "Bodies Politic and Their Governments" (Putnam), which supplements an earlier volume on the outlines of comparative politics. The note struck is classification: the classification of communities or welded groups of communities as differentiated from states, the author contending

that the State is a legal and almost abstract conception, while the body politic—whether we conceive of it as all the living members of a German tribe, or all the living inhabitants of the British Empire—lends itself to concrete presentation in its capacity for acting as if it were a single person. Having chosen this basis, the writer cannot deal directly with the evolution of forms of government, but gives a succession of historical and political sketches of the various nations at different periods. The necessary result is a sacrifice of smoothness of progression for vividness. His classification includes tribes, simple communities, simple urban bodies politic ("city states"), composite urban bodies politic, unitary nations, and heterogeneous empires, and is conveniently set forth in diagram at the close of his discussion of each epoch of history. The historical sketches are accurate, and founded largely on original sources; but much detail could have been omitted without damaging the pictures of the structure of the bodies politic. The author's analyses of governments will not always pass without question, and there are especially to be noted some rather fantastic parallels,—as in the comparison of Tammany to the Parte Guelfa of Florence. But this was inevitable in a field where speculation had to seek general analogies, and simply demonstrates what Mr. Hammond would certainly admit—that the laws of political phenomena are not sufficiently well established to serve as the basis for a genuinely scientific classification of bodies politic. The work shows vigorous original thought, and is a useful *coup d'oeil* of the field of government.

*A scientist in British East Africa.*

With the best of good-will, we can see little of importance in Dr. Felix Oswald's "Alone in the Sleeping-Sickness Country" (Dutton). It is the narrative of a trip into British East Africa for the purpose of collecting fossil bones from Miocene deposits near Karungu, on the east side of Lake Victoria Nyanza. The collector was but two months in his field. The results of his expedition may have had importance for palaeontology, but are presented elsewhere. While he was industrious and devoted to his task, there was nothing of adventure or of special interest in his experience. He came into contact with two tribes of natives—the Kavirondo, of whom he saw considerable; and the Kisii, of whom he saw little. He gives scant information regarding them, and some of what he gives is of doubtful quality. From the title of his book, we might expect him to present some information

about sleeping-sickness; but we have merely incidental references to the subject. There is some geological matter in the book, but even this is uninteresting and scrappy. In other words, the book is a mere narrative, and as narrative it lacks the elements desirable—incident, adventure, novelty. There are some good illustrations, chiefly of landscape and physical features, and an apparently good map.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

A recent addition to the "Home University Library" (Holt) is "The Negro" by Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois. The greater part of the volume is devoted to the history and culture of the negro in Africa; the final chapters deal with the negro in America and the problems of the negro. As contrasted with Mr. Booker T. Washington, Dr. Du Bois demands a radical programme; but his learning, his scrutiny of the past, the present, and the future from the colored man's standpoint, and his exposure of the exploitation of negroes by the white races throughout the world in our day, make the volume informing and timely.

Mr. John Cotton Dana's "Modern American Library Economy as Illustrated by the Newark, N. J., Free Public Library" has advanced to Part XVII. of Vol. II., which treats of "Maps, Atlases and Geographical Publications," and is a "revision and enlargement of the second part of the Business Branch pamphlet published in 1910." Miss Sarah B. Ball, who has charge of the Business Branch, is the compiler. Directions are given for the care of the class of material indicated in the title, and lists of the more important maps and atlases suitable for library use are added. Drawings and facsimiles help to make the whole subject plain to the reader. No other treatise, so far as we know, handles the matter so fully and with such care and expert knowledge.

Mr. Porter E. Sargent has projected a new series of handbooks relating to education and travel, to be known as the "Sargent Handbook Series," for which he is responsible both as editor and publisher. The first volume, "A Handbook of the Best Private Schools of the United States and Canada," has been prepared chiefly for the guidance of the parent who wishes a discriminating manual on the best schools of the country, the principle of selection being merit alone. There are chapters giving a general survey of the private school situation; while histories and criticisms of the schools are included. In the Introduction to the volume the editor tells how the work of compilation suffered, while in progress, due to delays and the reluctance of principals to give the information required, and he promises improvements in the next annual issue, which will appear in the spring. So practicable and serviceable is this initial venture that it is probable no one will feel the dissatisfaction in question so keenly as does the editor himself.

#### NOTES.

"The Elements of Style," an introduction to literary criticism, by Mr. David W. Rannie, is announced for autumn publication.

The second volume of the collected works of Martin Luther is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. A. J. Holman Co.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's long-awaited completion of the "Clayhanger" trilogy will be published by the Doran Co. on November 6. "These Twain" is its title.

"The Porcupine," a three-act drama of domestic entanglement, by Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, is announced for immediate issue by the Macmillan Co.

Mr. Frederic L. Huidkoper has prepared an extended work on "The Military Unpreparedness of the United States," which the Macmillan Co. will soon publish.

The fifth volume in Constance Garnett's new series of translations from Dostoevsky's works will bear the title "The Insulted and Injured." Messrs. Macmillan announce the book for early publication.

Mr. Arthur Rackham's gift-book this year will be an edition of Dickens's "Christmas Carol," uniform with the same artist's "Æsop's Fables." There will be a large paper edition limited to five hundred copies.

In Mr. Compton Mackenzie's forthcoming novel, "Guy and Pauline," we shall have a glimpse of Michael Fane, the character whose boyhood and youth we followed in "Youth's Encounter" and "Sinister Street."

"The Origin of the War," by Karl Fedem, written from the German point of view, and "Warlike England as Seen by Herself," by Ferdinand Tönnies, will be published this month by the G. W. Dillingham Co.

"The Lusitania's Last Voyage," by Mr. Charles E. Lauriat, Jr., describing from the vantage-point of an eye-witness one of the most dramatic episodes of the present war, will soon be published by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Two volumes of serious interest to be published shortly by Messrs. Harper are Mr. John Barrett's "Pan-America and Pan-Americanism," and "Principles of Labor Legislation" by Dr. John R. Commons and Mr. John B. Andrews.

With the news of the death of Henri Gaudier-Breska in the French trenches comes the announcement of a book on this famous Franco-Polish sculptor by Mr. Ezra Pound, to be published by the John Lane Co. early next year.

Almost immediately Messrs. Putnam will publish a volume entitled "Belgium, Neutral and Loyal: The War of 1914," by Emile Waxweiler, Director of the Solway Institute of Sociology at Brussels, Member of the Académie Royale of Belgium.

"Modern Austria and Her Racial Problems," by Virginio Gayda, to be published at once by Messrs.

Dodd, Mead & Co., is a study of Austria just before the war, its main theme being the struggle between the feudal aristocracy and the popular movements.

"Methods and Aims in the Study of Literature," by Professor Lane Cooper of Cornell University, will be issued before the end of the month by Messrs. Ginn & Co. It forms a companion volume to the author's earlier book, "Aristotle on the Art of Poetry."

Mr. Frederick Palmer, the accredited correspondent of the American Press at the British Headquarters in France, who recently published an account of his visit to the Grand Fleet at sea, has a volume in the press entitled "Personal Phases of the War."

Mrs. Edith Wharton is soon to publish through Messrs. Scribner a book dealing with her experiences and impressions of France in the war, including her own visits to different parts of the French battle line. Some of the chapters have already appeared in "Scribner's Magazine."

A book from the trenches entitled "The Red Horizon," by Mr. Patrick Macgill, author of "Children of the Dead End," is nearly ready for publication. Having related in "The Amateur Army" his experiences as a soldier in the making, Mr. Macgill now describes some of his impressions at the front.

One of the most interesting books of the season will doubtless be Mr. William Dean Howells's autobiographical volume, "Years of My Youth," which tells the story of his childhood and early manhood up to the time of his welcome into the circle of "The Atlantic Magazine" and his going abroad as United States Consul. Messrs. Harper plan to publish the volume this month.

Mr. Walter Lippman, author of "Drift and Mastery" and "A Prelude to Politics," has arranged with Messrs. Holt for the publication of his next book, "The Stakes of Diplomacy." The volume attempts to picture the conditions under which diplomacy is carried on, the central problem with which it deals, and the general policy which a firm and peaceful organization of the world requires.

Under the title, "The Nearing Case," Dr. Lightner Witmer, head of the Department of Psychology of the University of Pennsylvania, has prepared a complete statement of the events that led up to Doctor Nearing's dismissal and the facts in all their ramifications. The book will be published at once by Mr. B. W. Huebsch. It contains practically the indictment, the evidence, the arguments, and many interesting documents relating to the case.

The new life of Wordsworth by Professor G. McLean Harper, of Princeton University, which will be ready next month, deals with aspects of the poet's life little touched upon by his biographers, especially in regard to his earlier years. Much unprinted material was placed at the author's disposal for the purpose by Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, the poet's grandson, who also allowed him to examine the manuscripts of Dorothy

Wordsworth's Journals. Some unpublished letters of Wordsworth, now in the British Museum and Dr. Williams's Library, are also included.

Professor George Edward Woodberry has about completed his critical Introduction to the "Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke," and the publishers (John Lane Co.) expect to have the volume ready for publication late this month. In addition to Professor Woodberry's Introduction, the book will contain a biographical note by Miss Margaret Lavington, of England, which was prepared under the personal direction of Mr. Edward Marsh, Brooke's literary executor.

Mr. George Haven Putnam's "Memories of a Publisher," to be issued immediately, will continue his reminiscences, the first volume of which, "Memories of My Youth," appeared last year. The new volume will also be a continuation of the history of the House of Putnam from the year 1872, to which date the record was carried by the author in his memoir of his father and the founder of the firm, George Palmer Putnam. Many personal recollections will be included of well-known authors on both sides of the Atlantic. Other chapters relate to Mr. Putnam's manifold activities outside the book world.

Especial interest attaches to the collection of "Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort, 1807-1843," edited by Mr. George S. Hellman, which Messrs. Putnam plan to issue at once in an edition limited to 255 copies, printed on Strathmore paper, and distinctively bound, numbered, and signed. In the "Life of Irving," written by his nephew Pierre more than half a century ago, there were included various excerpts from the letters of Irving to Brevoort, but this series of about a hundred letters has, for the most part, remained unpublished. Letters printed very fragmentarily, and omitting personal names, are now given in their entirety; while the greater number of those now included were not drawn on by the previous editor.

The second decennial prize of six thousand dollars, offered by the Trustees of Lake Forest University under the terms of a bequest from the late William Bross, has been awarded to Rev. Thomas James Thorburn, of Hastings, England, for his book of Christian apologetics entitled "The Mythical Interpretation of the Gospels: Critical Studies in the Historic Narratives." Eight months were required for the judges to examine the forty-nine manuscripts submitted, which represented authors scattered all the way from England through the United States to Japan and Australia. The first decennial Bross Prize was awarded ten years ago to the late Professor James Orr, D.D., of Glasgow, for his treatise on "The Problem of the Old Testament." This book has had a very wide circulation, and has been translated into several foreign languages. The new Bross Prize book will be published as Volume VII. of "The Bross Library," and in accordance with the provisions of the deed of gift, complimentary copies will be sent to libraries throughout the United States and to certain libraries in foreign lands.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 105 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

## BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

**Recollections of an Irish Judge.** Press, Bar, and Parliament. By M. M'D. Bodkin, K.C. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 366 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3. net.

**Memories of India:** Recollections of Soldiering and Sport. By Sir Robert Baden-Powell, K.C.B. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 362 pages. Philadelphia: David McKay. \$3.50 net.

**Rival Sultanas:** Nell Gwyn, Louise de Kéroualle and Hortense Mancini. By H. Noel Williams. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 376 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50 net.

**The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson.** By Graham Balfour. Abridged and revised edition; illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 364 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2. net.

**The Heart of Lincoln:** The Soul of the Man as Revealed in Story and Anecdote. By Wayne Whipple. With photogravure portrait, 16mo, 101 pages. George W. Jacobs & Co. 50 cts. net.

## HISTORY.

**History of the Norwegian People.** By Knut Gjerset, Ph.D. In 2 volumes, illustrated, large 8vo. Macmillan Co. \$8. net.

**Hellenic Civilization.** Edited by G. W. Botsford and E. G. Sihler. Large 8vo, 719 pages. "Records of Civilization." Columbia University Press.

**The Road to Glory.** By E. Alexander Powell. Illustrated, 8vo, 323 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

**The Caliphate:** Its Rise, Decline, and Fall. By William Muir, K.C.S.I. New edition, revised by T. H. Weir, B.D. 8vo, 633 pages. Edinburgh: John Grant.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

**A Quiet Corner in a Library.** By William Henry Hudson. 12mo, 238 pages. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.25 net.

**The Case of American Drama.** By Thomas H. Dickinson. 12mo, 233 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50 net.

**Ivory Ape and Peacock.** By James Huneker. 12mo, 328 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

**Robert Browning:** How to Know Him. By William Lyon Phelps, Ph.D. With portrait, 12mo, 381 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50 net.

**Thomas Carlyle:** How to Know Him. By Bliss Perry. With portrait, 12mo, 267 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50 net.

**The Life and Romances of Mrs. Eliza Haywood.** By George Frisbie Whicher, Ph.D. 8vo, 210 pages. Columbia University Press. \$1.50 net.

**A History of Latin Literature.** By Marcus Southwell Dimadale. 12mo, 549 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$2. net.

**Affirmations.** By Havelock Ellis. Second edition, with a new preface; 8vo, 252 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.75 net.

**The Dramas of Lord Byron:** A Critical Study. By Samuel C. Chew, Jr., Ph.D. 8vo, 181 pages. Johns Hopkins Press. Paper.

**An Icelandic Satire (Lof Lyginnar).** By Þorleifur Halldorsson; edited, with introduction and appendix, by Halldor Hermannsson. 8vo, 54 pages. Ithaca: Cornell University Library. Paper. \$1. net.

**The Training for an Effective Life.** By Charles W. Eliot. 12mo, 87 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. 35 cts. net.

## VERSE AND DRAMA.

**Poems.** By Gilbert K. Chesterton. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, 158 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.

**Afternoons of April:** A Book of Verse. By Grace Hazard Conkling. 12mo, 91 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cts. net.

**Poems.** By Dana Burnet. 12mo, 268 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.20 net.

**One Wish, and Other Poems of Love and Life.** By Sara Beaumont Kennedy. 16mo, 90 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. 75 cts. net.

**Songs of the Workday World.** By Berton Braley. 12mo, 160 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1. net.

**If Love Were King, and Other Poems.** By Edward Willard Watson. 12mo, 140 pages. Philadelphia: H. W. Fisher & Co. \$1.25 net.

**Collected Poems.** By Condé Benoist Pallen. 12mo, 261 pages. New York: P. J. Kennedy & Sons. \$1.25 net.

**Stray Gold:** A Rambler's Clean-up. By R. G. T. 16mo, 192 pages. St. Paul Book & Stationery Co. \$1.25 net.

**The Passing of Mars:** A Modern Morality Play. By Marguerite Wilkinson. 4to, 10 pages. Coronado, Cal.: Published by the author. Paper, 50 cts. net.

## FICTION.

**The "Genius."** By Theodore Dreiser. 12mo, 781 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.

**Heart of the Sunset.** By Rex Beach. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 356 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.35 net.

**Duke Jones.** By Ethel Sidgwick. 12mo, 450 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.35 net.

**The Crown of Life.** By Gordon Arthur Smith. 12mo, 416 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35 net.

**Sprague's Canyon:** A Character Study. By Horace Annesley Vachell. 12mo, 320 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25 net.

**The Obsession of Victoria Graceen.** By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Illustrated, 12mo, 301 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25 net.

**The Song of the Lark.** By Willa Cather. 12mo, 490 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.40 net.

**Around Old Chester.** By Margaret Deland. Illustrated, 12mo, 378 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.35 net.

**Treasure.** By W. Dane Bank. 12mo, 360 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25 net.

**Jeans of the Lazy A.** By H. M. Bower. With frontispiece, 12mo, 322 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.30 net.

**The Brown Mouse.** By Herbert Quick. Illustrated, 12mo, 310 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25 net.

**Nobody.** By Louis Joseph Vance. Illustrated, 12mo, 352 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25 net.

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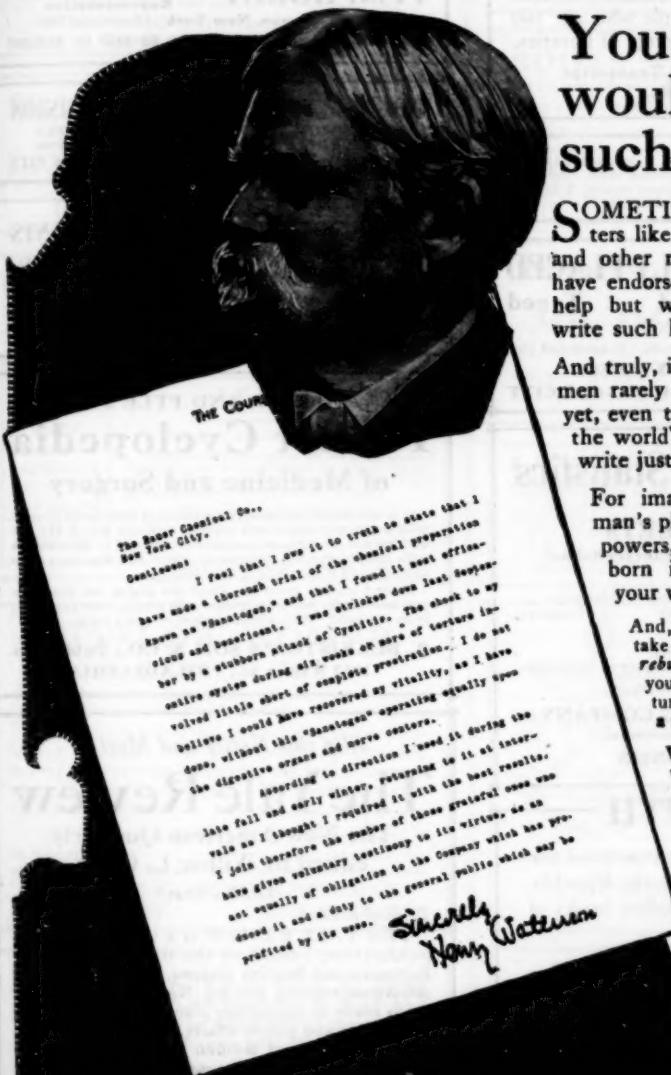
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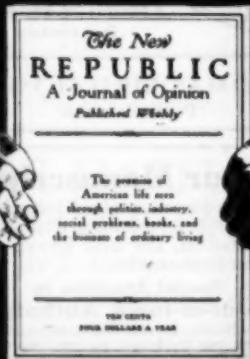
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